National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ········ Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Selections.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

From the Bugle.

The Eleventh Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society was held in Friends' Meeting House, Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, commencing Aug. 27th, 1853.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Benjamin Bowne.

"I am an Abolitionist" was sung by the audience. The President made a few remarks congratulating the Abolitionists upon their assembling in a society capacity, and exhorting them all to be faithful to principle.

On motion, the following Committees were appointed:

Business Committee—Stephen S. Foster, J. W. Walker, Abby K. Foster, Abraham Brooke, Lydia Irish, J. Elizabeth Jones, Mr. Robinson, Parker Pillsbury, Josephine Griffing.

Finance Committee—A. K. Foster, Lot Holmes, James Barnaby, Thomas Chandler, K. G. Thomas.

Bugle Committee—Richard Merritt, Ezekiel Curtis, Charles Griffiing, Emily Robinson, Isaac Trescott.

On motion, the chair was requested to appoint a Nominating Committee of nine. He asked permission to defer reporting their names until the afternoon session, which request was acceded to.

Parker Pillsbury, from the Business Committee, reported resolution No. 1, and spoke upon it at considerable length. Before any action was taken upon its adoption, the meeting, on motion, adjourned to 2 o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon Session.—The chair reported the following named persons to constitute the

Nominating Committee—James Barnaby, Isaac Brooks, Elizabeth Grissell, Charles Griffing, John Gordon, Eliza Holmes, William Myers, L. Maria Giddings, Isaac Trescott.

On motion, the Hale Family were invited to sing, who thereupon gave "We are coming, we are coming."

Business Committee reported resolutions Nos. 2, 3 and 4.

The discussion was then resumed on resolution No. 1. J. W. Walker and S. S. Foster advocated its adoption. "The Slave Auction" was sung by the Hale Family.

A letter from Amos Gilbert, addressed to the meeting, was then read, as the writer requested it to be presented to the Society at an early day. It was directed to be published with the proceedings.

The Annual Report being called for, it was read by the Corresponding Secretary, M. R. Robinson. On motion to approve the proceedings of the Executive Committee as set forth in their Annual Report, Parker Pillsbury and A. K. Foster spoke in favour of the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The Treasurer presented his report, to which was appended the report of the Auditing Committee appointed by the Executive Committee, which reports were accepted.

Voted, That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, and conclude the morning session at 1-4 to 11, to allow Friends to hold their usual forenoon meeting.

The Committee on arrangements was directed to secure a place in which to hold an Anti-Slavery meeting, and to provide speaking from 11 o'clock to 1 to-morrow.

Notice was given by the Committee of Arrangements that a Concert by the Hale Family and others would be given on Saturday evening in the Town Hall, the proceeds to go into the treasury of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

The Hales sung "Freedom, honour, and native land," after which the meeting adjourned.

August 28th—Morning Session.—"God speed the right" was sung. The Committee of Arrangements reported the proceeds of the Concert as amounting to between $32 and $33. By consent of the meeting, the following resolution was introduced before proceeding with the further consideration of the resolutions under discussion at adjournment last evening.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be, and are hereby, tendered to the Hale Family of Mogadore. Charles Thorne of Salem, John Peck of Pittsburg, and Henry Boone of Cleveland, for the "material aid" furnished the Society in proceeds of the Concert they gave on the evening of the 27th inst., as well as for the moral influence which must result from the songs selected for the occasion.

Adopted unanimously.

The discussion of resolution No. 1 was then resumed, and participated in by Parker Pillsbury and Joseph Barker.

Business Committee reported resolutions 5, 6, 7 and 8.

The Society concluded to let the remarks of the speakers embrace, in whole or in part, the subject matter of all the resolutions reported. The discussion was then further continued by Joseph Barker until near the hour of adjournment.

On motion, the subject of Finance was made the order of business for 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Adjourned to 1 o'clock P. M.

Afternoon Session.—"O that will be joyful" was sung.

The Nominating Committee reported as follows, and, on motion, the report was accepted, and the persons therein named accordingly elected.

President—Benjamin Bowne, Ohio.

Vice Presidents—Abraham Brooke, Ohio; Josephine Griffing, Ohio; Asa Davis, Iowa; Silas Pepoon, Illinois; Thomas Chandler, Michigan; J. T. Hurst, Pennsylvania; J. P. Davis, Indiana.

Treasurer—Joel McMillan.

Corresponding Secretary—M. R. Robinson.

Recording Secretary—Benjamin S. Jones.

Counsellors—Lewis Morgan; James Barnaby; Sarah Bown; K. G. Thomas; Isaac Trescott; Pierce Garretson; Lydia Irish.

On motion, the vote making the subject of Finance the order of Business for 3 o'clock was reconsidered, and the report of the Financial Committee was presented, and its members proceeded to the collection of funds.

A. K. Foster, M. R. Robinson and Parker Pillsbury spoke of the need of liberal contributions, and the duty of the friends of the cause to give unsparingly, especially at this time, in order to aid in carrying successfully forward the system of Western operations, which the liberality of Charles F. Hovey, of Boston, has enabled the American Anti-Slavery Society to so vigorously commence. Jacob Heaton urged Free Soilers to come forward and aid by their contributions the work of agitation proposed, and thus build up a public sentiment which should hasten the destruction of Slavery.

Resolutions reported by the Business Committee. S. S. Foster spoke at considerable length in relation to the impolicy and inefficiency of political action as an agent in the abolition of Slavery, and of the universal corruption of political parties.

Voted, That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at the Town Hall to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

The Committee of Arrangements were directed to provide speakers for a meeting to be held at the Town Hall at 7 o'clock this evening, and to have the room prepared for the same.

Joseph Barker followed S. S. Foster, partly in reply to the points the former had presented, and partly to admit their truth—he further urged Abolitionists of all kinds to contribute to the funds of the Society.

Adjourned.

August 29th—Morning Session.—"Hark! a voice from Heaven proclaiming," was sung.

A letter from Francis Barry was read, and ordered to be published with the proceedings.

Bugle Committee presented the subject of the paper and remarks were made in relation to it, by James Barnaby and S. S. Foster. Song, "Come join the Abolitionists," was sung.

A proposition was made to have one hundred persons pledge themselves to obtain, or pay for, two additional subscribers each to the *Bugle*, within the ensuing three months, whereupon, not only the one hundred, but *two hundred and four names* were obtained, and additional subscribers for single copies were assured, making the whole number secured, FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE!

The Committee on *Bugle* presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Society recommend the Executive Committee to adopt pre-payment as a condition of subscription to the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*.

Song by the Hale Family, "Come, join the Abolitionists."

On motion, adjourned to two o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon Session.—The Committee on Finance urged payment on the pledges made yesterday or on those remaining unpaid for the last year, in order that they might make a more complete report.

On motion, the resolutions reported by the Business Committee, from 1 to 9, inclusive, were then read, and it was voted to take them all up for discussion. Jos. Barker spoke at considerable length in defence of the Free Soil party, and in explanation of the cause of his desire to add to his moral influence against Slavery, political action for its overthrow. The discussion upon the resolutions was continued by S. S. Foster and P. Pillsbury.

The question being taken on the resolutions, they were all adopted.

Josephine S. Griffing offered resolution No. 10, which was, on motion, adopted.

The Finance Committee reported in part, and were directed to report in full to the Executive Committee.*

Then adjourned without day.

Benj. Bowne, Pres't.

Benj. S. Jones, Sec'y.

* They have reported as directed; amount collected (exclusive of receipts for the *Bugle*), $293,71; in pledges, $128,75.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The recurrence of another anniversary imposes upon the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society the duty of reporting their proceedings for the last year. The Committee will at this time limit the narrative to their more important acts, leaving the details and the discussion of their principles to other occasions.

The Committee have employed as their Agents, during the past year, J. W. Walker, C. S. S. and Josephine S. Griffing, John F. Selby and Giles B. Stebbins. The territory over which these Agents operated is embraced within N. W. Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. The Society has warm and active friends in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, but to them we have been able to extend aid only through the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*. The paper has a limited circulation in these States last named, and is by our friends warmly welcomed as an Anti-Slavery instrumentality. From all these localities, the Committee have received repeated and most urgent solicitation for aid. But our limited means and the limited number of our lecturers have compelled us reluctantly to decline any efforts in their behalf, notwithstanding their assurance that such efforts could not fail of meeting the most marked and encouraging success.

Immediately after the last Anniversary, Mr. Pillsbury, the agent of the American A. S. Society, spent some two or three weeks in Crawford Co., Pa., and in the N. E. part of this State, whence he proceeded, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Griffing, to Michigan. There they spent several weeks, very acceptably to the friends there and with advantage to the cause. Their labours in that State were closed by a general Convention at Adrian, which, by invitation, J. W. Walker also attended. At this Convention, a State Central Committee was appointed, to direct and prosecute the Anti-Slavery operations of the State. Between this Committee and our own there has existed a friendly correspondence, and such co-operation as was practicable.

Soon after this Convention, Giles B. Stebbins, of New York, visited Michigan, as our agent. He spent nearly three months in the State, under the direction of the Michigan Central Committee. From that Committee we have received the most abundant assurance of the ability, fidelity and usefulness of Mr. Stebbins's labours. He visited quite a number of places and was everywhere well received.

In Western Pennsylvania, John F. Selby has laboured during several months of the year, and his labours have received high commendations from the Abolitionists of that region. Charles and Josephine Griffing also spent two months there with great advantage to the cause. Besides which, Mr. Pillsbury has lately held several successful meetings in that region.

To labours in our own State, J. W. Walker has devoted the time he has spent as our agent the past year. His labours have been attended with their usual good success. Mr. Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Griffing, and J. F. Selby, have also visited various places in the State, and all have largely contributed to arouse public attention in favour of freedom.

In connection with the American Anti-Slavery Society, arrangements have been made for more extended and vigorous efforts the coming Autumn. Michigan, Indiana and Illinois will probably be visited, and the most promising portions thoroughly canvassed by most efficient agents. In Ohio, too, we hope to have the presence and aid of some of our most distinguished eastern friends in some important Conventions.

Large Anti-Slavery Conventions have not been as numerous the last as during some previous years. Our lecturers have passed quietly around, holding meetings in town and country—coming in direct and familiar contact with the people—fairly canvassing objections and thoroughly discussing important questions connected with the enterprise, and introducing Anti-Slavery publications. An abiding interest is thus created, and those who thus come to embrace the cause may be expected to be permanently and reliably its friends.

A Convention of more than ordinary importance, however, was held in Cincinnati, in April last, by the energetic efforts of the Cincinnati Sewing Circle. Like its predecessors, it was designed to be free to all classes of Anti-Slavery persons, and, with great firmness and liberality, its purpose was faithfully executed. A large majority of the members of that association are the especial friends of political Anti-Slavery; nevertheless, with entire cordiality, they especially invited Mr. Garrison to their *free platform*, and stood by him, in the utterance of his most radical Anti-Slavery sentiments. It is also due to the political Anti-Slavery men who participated in that free meeting to say that they exhibited an appreciation of free thought and free speech which showed them intelligently and earnestly the friends of universal freedom, exhibiting a marked contrast to some of the professedly Anti-Slavery leaders among the churchmen, who stood aloof from the Convention, and have since employed themselves in misrepresenting its character, and labouring not only to place Mr. Garrison and his immediate sympathizers, but also all who will co-operate with them, in a false and odious position.

The *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, the last year, has not increased the number of its subscribers, though many new ones have been added. This result is in consequence of the adoption of a more rigid policy regarding delinquent subscribers. The old plan of sending the paper year after year to those who neglect to pay has not only been ruinous to our friends, but profitless to the cause. The income of the paper has, however, been somewhat increased over previous years.

The Committee having heard frequent complaints of the diminutive size of the sheet, and as the amount of intelligence is continually on the increase, and topics for discussion of indispensable importance continually multiplying beyond the capacity of the sheet to communicate to the public, the Committee, some two months ago, resolved upon an enlargement of the paper to its present size. They were encouraged to this, trusting that a spirit of improvement and progress on the part of the Committee would be met with a corresponding disposition on the part of the Abolitionists to extend its circulation and augment its income. The paper in its improved form has already been presented to you, and you can now judge of the value of the improvement.

This enlargement has been effected at an expense of $200 over the value of the old printing materials sold.

The expenses of publication for the last year, apart from the cost of enlargement, have been - - - - - - - $1,778

Receipts on the paper - - - - 1,433

Excess of expenses over receipts - - $345

Something less than for any previous year.

As a means of extending our circulation, the Committee have felt it important to place the paper at the lowest possible price. Hence, as a matter of experiment, they have resolved to offer it in its enlarged form at its old price, $1.50. As the expenses of publication are increased, the price must eventually also be advanced, unless the friends of the paper make a vigorous effort to extend its paying circulation. *Fourteen hundred* pre-paying subscribers will meet the expenses of publication the coming year. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the Anti-Slavery of the West will furnish us that number?

We urge upon all our subscribers pre-payment. It is better for all concerned. During the last year we have cut off delinquents with an indebtedness of several hundred dollars—perhaps double the sum necessary to make up the excess of the expenditures of the paper over its receipts during that time.

For particulars regarding the receipts from all sources, the Society is referred to the report of its Treasurer. The gross amount is $3,597 28; exceeding the contributions of last year by about $1,000.

This is, to be sure, an insignificant sum compared with the work to be accomplished. Yet, with economy in its expenditure, and a hearty good will in its workers, much good, we trust, has been accomplished, even with it, small as it may seem. With it, the Committee have kept in operation quite our usual amount of lecturing agency. Have paid $700 of old debts, some of them of several years' standing. Have paid the excess of expenditures over the receipts of the paper. Have enlarged the paper to its present size, procuring new type for the publication, and are able to report the available means of the Society, exclusive of the Office and other funds not now available, as entirely adequate to meet all our indebtedness. A result which at no previous time since its organization has its Committee been able to announce.

We are able to make this favourable report, in part, by the liberality of a friend, who has, within the last few months, generously contributed $700 to our funds, in addition to most liberal previous donations. To the Annual Fair, held at Salem, we were indebted for most opportune pecuniary aid, as also to the Sewing Circles of Cincinnati and Leesville.

From Michigan, also, important aid has been received. The Ladies of Adrian and vicinity have been especially active in their Sewing Circle, which has contributed to our funds through the Salem Fair. These sources of aid, added to individual contributions, have furnished the Committee the means for prosecuting their labours.

We trust this favourable report of the financial affairs of the Society will encourage all Abolitionists to contribute liberally for the continued prosecution of the work. Whatever may now be contributed, will not be absorbed in the liquidation of old debts, but will be directly applied to the establishment of the principles of freedom and justice. The magnificent proposals of aid to the West from the American Anti-Slavery Society, which our friends are here in part to execute, should stimulate us to efforts correspondingly worthy of their co-operation. Without doubt this meeting will feel itself called upon to make liberal provision for this purpose, as well as for other necessary labour.

Eleven years have passed since the organization of our Society, and more than a score of years since the present Anti-Slavery movement was fairly launched; and yet the slave toils unrequited, and suffers unredressed. The master still robs and wrongs him with a murderous tyrant's hand, and our own North furnishes the guilty accomplices in the church and government, who uphold the robbery and perpetuate the wrong. Our work, therefore, fellow-Abolitionists, is still before us. Let us address ourselves to it with a new consecration, an augmented faith, and more determined labours. The work, though slow, is sure of accomplishment. Daily are new encouragements developing themselves. Earnest, persevering fidelity is the price of our success.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

Marius R. Robinson, Cor. Sec'y.

TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT,

From August 22nd, 1852, to August 27th, 1853.

Received of Publishing Agent, on subscription to *Anti-Slavery Bugle*,	$1,433 63
On Pledges and Donations,	2,163 65
Total Receipts,	$3,598 28
EXPENSES.	
Paid to Agents,	$803 06
To Editor and Publishing Agent,	707 64
To Printer,	827 73
Old Debt at Columbiana,	200 00
" " to William Lightfoot,	60 60
" " to C. C. Burleigh,	44 32
" " to C. Keene, Printer,	19 18
Paper and Ink, for *Bugle*,	346 79
Press and Type,	395 72
Counterfeit money,	20 00
On Office Rent, Tax, Agents, Travelling Expenses, Postage, Fuel, Repairing Press, printing Bills and Circulars, and other Incidentals,	158 02
Total Expenses,	$3,583 06
Balance in Treasury, August 27th,	14 22

The indebtedness of the Society, at its last annual meeting, was near seven hundred dollars, all of which has been paid.

There is now due to M. R. Robinson,	$102 29
To Griffings,	16 50
" J. Hudson,	76 73
" J. W. Walker,	11 60
" Publishing Agent,	30 00
" J. F. Selby,	19 00
Total,	$256 12

Of the 116 shares of the five dollar stock taken last annual meeting, twenty-two shares, amounting to $110, remain unpaid.

Of Pledges that are two years old, $112 remain unpaid.

J. M'Millan,
Treasurer of W. A. S. S.

The undersigned, appointed by the Executive Committee to audit the Treasurer's account, report that they have examined his Books, and find his account, as reported above, to be correct.

Benj. Bowne,
Isaac Trercott.

August 27th, 1853.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That, assembled to celebrate the Eleventh Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, we congratulate ourselves on the prosperity and success which have attended our enterprise the past year. That though the pulpit and the politician may still to a great extent oppose, as is their wont, the people are learning and loving our doctrine more and better. That although politicians pass Fugitive Slave Laws, and priesthoods sanction and sanctify them, the people generally trample them in the dust. That although Presidential Platforms may pledge their candidates and parties to solemn observance of compromises in behalf of Slavery, and to smother and silence all agitation on the subject, the compromises are nullified, and agitation shakes the nation to its centre. That in spite of bolts, bars and blood hounds, the "under-ground railroad" is doing a mighty business, without collision of trains, bursting of engines, or ever running off the track. That though the popular Church is moving heaven and earth and all that is under the earth, to extend its power and dominion, it is only proving that its days are numbered and are fast finishing—and, finally, that full and free discussion is asserting itself on every subject, no matter how sacred or time-honoured, that relates to the interests, rights or responsibilities of the race of man.

Resolved, therefore, That we gladly gird ourselves anew for our glorious conflict, cheered by past achievements, and greatly encouraged by the future prospects, doubly assured of the righteousness of our cause, and never doubting of our final and perfect triumph.

Resolved, That the Anti-Slavery enterprise is but a continuation of the Revolution of 1776—a practical application of its doctrine, that "All men are created equal," to universal man—a new and better dispensation, succeeding the blood and human sacrifice of that which went before, and which only established the liberty of the strong to enslave the weak, under the name of republican freedom—and whose objects are to be secured not by violence and slaughter, but by a mental and moral regeneration of the people, through the proclamation of truth, and the practice of love and good will toward men.

Resolved, That the formation of any political party for the overthrow of Slavery abates nothing from the high character or importance of our movement, the work of politics being, at best, but the framing of the public sentiment, regenerated and reformed by our presentation of the truth, into statutes; and not the regenerating of the public conscience and character.

Resolved, That so long as political action confines itself to its legitimate work, and does not attempt to dictate or control ours, by any application of its philosophy or method, there need be no controversy between us. But as we are to enunciate the unconditional and uncompromising doctrine of immediate and universal emancipation, calling on all to abandon the sin, and the fellowship, governmental and religious, of the sinner, we can never add to our real influence or effective force by the use of false philosophy, or by abating, in any way or degree, our fidelity and devotion to our distinctive principles.

Whereas, The Constitution of the United States being a compact among all the citizens, each with all and all with each, for the performance of certain things therein specified; and whereas, among the things therein specified is the maintainance of Slavery by all the forces of the country, military, naval and financial, by the surrender of the fugitive to his master, by giving to the slaveholder a bonus of political power on his slave property; therefore,

Resolved, That to support the Constitution of the United States by an oath of allegiance to it or by voting under it, which is equivalent to such an oath, is necessarily a violation of the first principles of Anti-Slavery.

Resolved, That in the controversy upon the constitutional guarantees for Slavery, the position and opinions of the Free Soil party are not to be learned from the declarations of private or public individuals, on their own responsibility; but from the official proceedings, the resolutions, speeches and addresses of committees, caucuses and conventions, representing the party, and from the declarations of members of Congress, when before their Southern Confessors they make solemn professions of loyalty to the Constitution and Union, with Slavery cursing and corrupting it, not only in the Southern, but in all the States.

Resolved, That until the leaders and representative men of the Free Soil party shall, in committees, caucuses, conventions, Congress, and everywhere, assume and maintain that the Constitution is a thoroughly Anti-Slavery instrument, denying the legal existence of Slavery everywhere in State or Territory, and holding every slave claimant as a kidnapper and pirate, to be elevated to the gallows rather than the Presidency, we must still regard the party as alike responsible for Slavery with the Whig and Democratic parties; and an oath to support the Constitution, or vote for another to take that oath, immorality reaching to an endorsement and direct support of Slavery, with all its crimes, curses and calamities, wherever in the Union it is established or exists.

Whereas, Slavery exists in this country because the slaveholder is a respected, a popular, and an honoured man: and

Whereas, Slavery will disappear as soon as slaveholders shall lose the respect and confidence of the masses, and be placed in the ranks of other criminals; therefore,

Resolved, That those who countenance and sustain such churches, such governments, and such other institutions as give a position of honour, of honesty, or of toleration even, to the slaveholder, are giving to the institution its most efficient aid and support.

Resolved, that the recent slave case in Cincinnati—the first execution of the infamons slave-catching law in Ohio—reveals, if possible, more clearly than any preceding one, the entire supremacy of the slave power, and the servility and vassalage of Ohio and of all the nominally free States.

Resolved, That it is a mockery of truth, and an insult to the commonest understanding, to call Ohio a free State, while a husband and father, innocent of crime, may be seized by foreign ruffians, in his own house, dragged from his wife and helpless infants, carried bound over our public thoroughfares, confined in our hotels, incarcerated in our jails, and driven heavily manacled through the streets of our Queen City, the whole sanctioned and confirmed by the supreme law of the land, as announced and expounded by the highest judicial authority of the nation.

Resolved, That our State Constitution, which declares Slavery shall not exist in our territory, is trodden under foot. The celebrated Ordinance which avows the same thing is made a nullity and Ohio is but the spiritless vassal of a central slaveholding oligarchy, so long as her citizens swear allegiance to such a constitution, and accept such an interpretation as Judge McLean has announced in his recent decision.

Resolved, That this decision truly represents the opinions of the popular church, of the great political parties of the country, and accurately presents the settled policy and permanent intent of our government.

Resolved, That loyalty to such a government, whatever advantages we may enjoy under it, is infidelity to liberty and treason to God.

Resolved, That as Slavery originates in, and is sustained by, the spirit of force or the principle that the stronger physically or numerically may rule and control the weaker—which was the first and rudest development of man, a spirit which pervades not only Government and Religion, but Society in all its departments of city, neighbourhood and family influences, thus giving a healthy but all powerful support to American Slavery—therefore we can and do rely not only upon fidelity to the principle of Justice, that gives to every man his inborn rights, but more especially upon the spirit of Love, that secures those rights to others, even at the sacrifice of our ease and reputation; that as this the most antagonistic position to Slavery, it is the most safe and efficient one for the true lovers of freedom to occupy.

"WHO CAN TELL A MAN WHAT SHALL BE AFTER HIM UNDER THE SUN?"

Mr. Webster was hardly buried till Sumner, a Free Soiler, was returned from the Marshfield district to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention; and now, Breckenridge, a Democrat, is elected, by a large majority, to represent the Ashland of Mr. Clay in Congress. Already the places that knew these men know them no more! How fond great men and their admirers are of ascribing their reverses of fortune to fate! It preserves their dignity in defeat—just as little men attribute their losses and bereavements to Providence. It is a grand thing to be taken in hand by Omnipotent power! If a fly might choose, it would doubtless prefer the throat of a whale to the meshes of a spider's web. How slyly Shakspeare quizzes this fond conceit of fallen greatness, in that pompous piece of melancholy moralizing which he puts into the mouth of Cardinal Wolsey:

> "This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
> And, when he thinks, good easy man! full surely
> His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
> And then he falls, as I do."

He had ventured to navigate the ocean upon a bladder, to be sure; but when it broke under him, why, it was the *state of man*, not a blunder and disgrace of the individual. Solomon, too, and with good reason, anticipated just such a crash in the fortunes of his kingdom, and forestalled the world's judgment by working the melancholy and the defence of the inevitable catastrophe into a proverb: "To him that is joined to all the living, there is hope; for a *living dog* is better than a *dead lion*." A little of the royal growl in that; but there is no help for it, for "the dead know not anything, neither have they any more reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun."

Just so it is generally, and just now it is so very decidedly. Never did a generation of great men die so dead as those have done who ruled us twenty years ago. All gone, and with them their parties, policies, and prospects. Gen. Pierce is the newest man of the new times. The nephew of his uncle is nothing to him. He only displaced the new to restore the old. Pierce's nomination surprised him. His destiny will surprise him more. He is the first President of a new era. By the bye, who is to be the next great man of the South? Has South Carolina got anybody in training? Has Virginia anybody to train? We don't mean men of the Rives, or Cobb, or Walker kind, but somebody that will give history and precedent the cut direct, and undertake the fulfilment of prophecy. Let us venture upon a prediction. The bolder the better and more probable. Here it is: ☞ The next decidedly great man of the South will be an Emancipator! Don't "stagger at the promise through unbelief." There is nothing else for it. Everything else is worn out, and this is already wearing in. Some child already born will have this greatness thrust upon him, and our eyes shall see it. The South lies now like the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale, dreaming of her early glory, mingled with visions of her coming restoration. Some gallant young Knight of the Sun will wake her up presently, the sorceries that enchain her shall be dissolved, and she will queen it again over all the continent, as it is her right, in virtue of her eminent fitness to do so.—E.—*National Era.*

A SCENE OF CRUELTY AND BLOODSHED.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 3, 1853.

A most disgraceful and brutal occurrence took place here this morning, which I shall take the liberty of communicating to you, thinking it probable that no other person here may take the trouble. Being an eye-witness, I have given nothing but what you may rely upon as facts.

About 7 o'clock this morning, an attempt was made by a person calling himself "Deputy Marshal Wynkoop" (a brother to Col. Wynkoop), another, answering to the name of "Joe Jenkins," and three other assistants from Virginia, to arrest, as a fugitive slave, a coloured waiter in the dining-room of the Phœnix Hotel in this place. Immediately after receiving their breakfast at the hands of "Bill," the unsuspecting fugitive, who is a tall, noble-looking, remarkably intelligent and active mulatto, nearly white, they suddenly, from behind, knocked him down with a mace, and partially shackled him; but, by a desperate effort and after a most severe struggle, with the whole five upon him, he shook them off, and with the aid of his handcuffs, which were only fast upon his right wrist, he inflicted some hard wounds on the countenances of some of the Southerners, the marks of which they will probably carry to their graves. But, notwithstanding the fearful odds against him, he managed to break from their grasp, and with the loss of everything upon him but a part of his shirt, and covered with blood, he rushed from the house and plunged in the river close by, exclaiming, "I will be drowned rather than taken alive." His pursuers fired twice at him on his way to the river without checking his speed, and, on reaching the bank, they presented their large revolvers and called on the fugitive, who stood up to his neck in the water, to "come out and surrender himself, or they would blow his brains out." He replied, "I will die first." They then deliberately fired at him four or five different times, the last ball supposed to have struck on his head, for his face was instantly covered with blood, and the poor fellow sprung and shrieked out in agony, and no doubt would have sunk, but for the buoyancy of the water holding him up. The people around, who had by this time collected in large numbers, were becoming excited, and could no longer refrain from crying out "Shame, shame!" which had the effect of causing the Southerners to retire a short distance, in evident consultation. The slave, not seeing his pursuers, came to the shore; but not being able to support himself in the water, he lay down on the edge, completely exhausted, became senseless, and was supposed to be dying; on hearing which, the slave-catchers remarked coolly that "Dead niggers were not worth taking South." Some one shortly brought a pair of pantaloons and put on the fugitive, who, in a few minutes, unexpectedly revived, and was walking off from the river, partly held up by another coloured man, named Rex; on seeing which, his pursuers again headed him, drew and presented their revolvers, and called upon him to stop, threatening to shoot any one who assisted the fugitive. The white friends of Rex instantly shouted "Stand away! Stand away, Rex! you'll get shot too." This was bad advice, as they would not have dared to shoot at that time, and it had the effect of encouraging the pirates, who kept advancing toward the fugitive, and at the same time intimidated Rex, who drew back, exclaiming to the slave, "Put, Bill, to the water again; don't be taken alive!" The poor fellow, seeing himself alone, for there was a general drawback on the revolvers being presented, turned and plunged into the river again, where he remained upward of an hour, with nothing above water but his head, covered with blood, and in full view of the hundreds who lined the high banks. His claimants dared not follow him into the water, for, as he afterward remarked, "He would have died contented could he have carried two or three of them down with him." In the meantime, some of the citizens, thinking there was no law justifying such barbarity, were taking means to have the kidnappers arrested. Judge Collins, one of our most respected citizens, and several others, questioned them as to their names and authority, to which they replied, "He was more like a lunatic than a Judge," &c. They soon, however, saw the sentiment of the community was strong against them, and drove off before an officer could be found to arrest them. A telegraphic dispatch to the constable in Hazleton caused their detention there; but he was overawed by such pompous U. S. officers, and they were allowed to go again. After their departure, the fugitive, afraid to come out there again, waded some distance up stream and got out above, and was found by some coloured women flat on his face in a corn-field. The women carried him off to a place of safety, dressed his wounds, and at night he will be far on his way toward Canada.

Such are the plain, unvarnished facts. You cannot overstate the barbarity of the scene, the excitement of the people or the ferocity of the slave-catchers, but, having recently felt the rigours of the Fugitive Slave Law here,* there was a general fear of the officers, who bullied and browbeat any one who ventured to speak above his breath, exclaiming occasionally, "Gentlemen, you can have him for $1,000! but we are U. S. officers; resist us at your peril."

We felt ashamed of our country, and almost longed to be in Austria or Russia, where human rights are more respected.

Nothing in Mrs. Stowe's work equalled this in the brutality displayed by this Pennsylvania Marshal and the Virginia slave-hunters. Had some bold spirit led the way, the citizens would have demolished them on the spot. As it is, the result has been good. The blood-thirsty villains were baffled—the "property" escaped (though probably a cripple for life, if indeed he does live, for indeed he was quite light-headed during the day), and there has been more Anti-Slavery feeling excited, and more hatred to the Fugitive Slave Law aroused, than could have been done with years of lectures or addresses.

It is generally supposed that a person here, who has been engaged in the slave-hunting business before in this town, and now (as he has been for years) under bonds to keep the peace, has planned and been at the bottom of the whole of it, though since his appointment to a mail route office, which he was too ignorant to fill, he has been anxious to appear a little more respectable; and, in order to blind the people, refused to assist in the above case when called upon—a vain attempt, however; the circumstances were too clear against him.

Yours, T. S.

* A Mr. Harvey was arrested and fined last summer for shielding a slave.

JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.

COMMITTEE'S LETTER TO GERRIT SMITH.

Syracuse, Sept. 3, 1853.

Hon. Gerrit Smith—*Dear Sir:* The Rescue of the man Jerry, fr[illegible]he hands of Kidnappers at Syracuse, Oc[illegible], as you are aware, to be celebrated. Each Anniversary of that glorious Day—a day on which a great community practically asserted and sanctioned the declarations of '76—a day as much nobler, as much holier, than the 4th of July, 1776, as doing is nobler and holier than declaring—we say, that, now and hereafter, each recurring Anniversary of that Day will be celebrated at Syracuse, so long as there shall exist in our land those two objects of profoundest pity—the Slaveholder and the Slave.

Thousands of our fellow-citizens of this city and county can testify to your bearing on that eventful day—cheerful, bold, positive; infusing into all your own spirit of determined resistance to tyranny. It is not for us to estimate the value of your presence, illustrative as it was of your avowed doctrine, that "to discharge Jerry would be well; to rescue him better." Suffice it to say, that, as a Committee appointed to issue the Call for our approaching Celebration of this Anniversary, in accordance with the well known sentiments of the friends of Freedom in our midst, we invite you to preside on that occasion. It is not every day that a member of Congress can be got for so noble a work. We send the invitation now, and desire immediate answer, that early notice may be given to the friends of "justice and kindness" who will congregate on that joyful occasion.

W. L. Crandal,
Thomas G. White,
James Fuller,
Eliza Fidkins,
Lydia P. Savage,
Joseph Savage,
J. W. Loguen.
} Committee.

MR. SMITH'S REPLY.

Peterboro, Sept. 5, 1853.

W. L. Crandal, Thomas G. White, James Fuller, Eliza Filkins, Lydia P. Savage, Joseph Savage, J. W. Loguen.

Fellow-Citizens: Your letter is, this hour, presented to me; and, this hour, I will give you my answer.

I had the honour to preside, at the first celebration of the Rescue of Jerry. The honour of presiding at the second should have been conferred on another. But I will not decline it. Life and health assured to me, I shall be in Syracuse, the morning of the glorious First of October.

I do not forget that the trials of persons charged with rescuing Jerry will be going on in the United States Court at Canandaigua, at the same time that we are celebrating his rescue—and I do not forget that I am expected to attend them. But I attended them in Albany, last winter; and I learned then that I need not attend them again. The part assigned to me was to argue the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Act. I attempted to perform it—but, to my surprise and grief, the Judge stopped me. I had no apprehension that a Jury would convict my client, were I allowed to characterize that infamous Act, in fitting terms, in their hearing. The same Judge is to preside in Canandaigua; and, as there is no other part in those trials that I wish to take, or feel competent to take, and as the Judge would, doubtless, be as determined against my performing it in Canandaigua as he was against my performing it in Albany, so it is unnecessary for me to go to Canandaigua.

There is no more ruinous error among men than their regarding as law what is not law, and what cannot, possibly, be law. No event of our times is so influential as the Rescue of Jerry, to convince of this error: and, hence it should be celebrated as long as any share of the American people continue to be so foolish and insane, as to recognize Slavery to be Law. The Rescue of Jerry taught a lesson in law never to be forgotten. It is a lesson far more important to create and maintain the true idea of law, and to inspire, and widen, and perpetuate respect for law, than all the Judicial decisions which have been pronounced, and all the law-books which have been written, in the present age.

We are never to be mobocrats. We are never to be anarchists. We are always to be law-abiding, law-defending and law-honouring men. But to be such, we must, on occasions, trample upon human enactments. The Jerry affair was one of these occasions. The thousands who crowded the streets of Syracuse on the first day of October, 1851, were plain and unsophisticated men. They had read law very little in law-books; but they had read it much in their own hearts; and, in all that heart-law, they had never found one line for Slavery. Of conventional law they knew but little, because they knew but little of books. Of real law, they knew much, because they knew much of their own nature. Such were the men, who delivered Jerry. They delivered him, in the name of true law, and in contempt and defiance of sham law. They foresaw that they would be stigmatized as mobocrats; but they knew that they were acting the part of loyal citizens, and that the mobocrats were the misguided ministers of Government, who were striving to plunge an innocent fellow-man into the pit of Slavery.

In truth, there is no man who believes that Slavery can be embodied in Law. All know that there is law *against* conspiracy; and they know that there is no law *for* conspiracy—least of all, for Slavery, which is the most guilty and horrible of all conspiracies. That Slavery can be legalized, is a big lie—the biggest of all big lies. The American People know in their souls that it is such; and, yet, they are continually acting it out. Congress acts out this lie in all its pro-slavery enactments. The President acts it out, in his enforcement of them. Whilst we shall be celebrating the Rescue of Jerry, Judge Hall will be administering this lie.

No man can be tested otherwise than by bringing the test home to himself. Thus tested, how quick Judge Hall would scout the idea of a Law for Slavery. Come to his dwelling for the nefarious purpose of enslaving him, or his wife, or child, and, though you shall come in the name of all the imposing authorities of earth, he will rather shed the blood of a thousand of you than suffer you to prevail. Judge Hall would not permit an enactment for murder—not even an enactment for so comparatively small an outrage as murder—to be executed upon a member of his family. And yet, when he is administering the law, or, more properly, the lie, of Slavery, he is conscious that he would rather have all his family in the grave than only one member of it under the yoke of Slavery. Judge Hall would die a thousand deaths sooner than consent to have the wife of his bosom exposed on the auction block to the lustful looks of the greedy competitors for her person.

I said that no man believes in the possible legalization of Slavery. I add, that there is no man who is not an Abolitionist—a thorough Abolitionist. Nay, the greatest slaveholder is the greatest Abolitionist; for he witnesses most largely of the horrors of Slavery; and, therefore, when the hour arrives for testing heart on Slavery, he will struggle hardest to keep himself out of that hell into which he has cast so many. Their anguish and writhings, which he beheld with composure, he will remember with unspeakable horror, when their fate is to become his fate.

I repeat it—the American People are liars. Their Churches and Church Ministers, their Political Parties and Politicians, are liars. They are the cruelest

and meanest of liars. They solemnly declare, in their Halls of Legislation, in their Courts of Justice, and in their Sanctuaries of Religion, that Slavery is right, whilst there is not one of them who does not know that it is the heaviest and bitterest wrong. They call it a crime to run away from Slavery, when they know that they spill blood like water to escape from it themselves. And yet the American people claim to be Democrats!—nay, even Christians! Amazing impudence! Unparalleled hypocrisy!

But I must stop. Your messenger to me is in haste for my reply. Your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

THE SATANIC PRESS OF NEW YORK.

[THE Whole World's Temperance Convention; the Anti-Slavery Meetings and the preaching of Antoinette Brown at Metropolitan Hall on the following Sunday; the Woman's Rights Convention subsequently held in the Tabernacle; and the course pursued by the Chambers-Marsh World's Temperance Convention in respect to coloured and female delegates, the rejection of Wendell Phillips, &c., have been the means of arousing the fiercest malignity of the Satanic Press of this City. Some of its utterances are recorded below.—*Eds. Standard.*]

From the National Democrat—C. C. BURR, Editor.

PITEOUS OUTRAGE.

TIME WAS when a full-blooded nigger meeting in New York would have been heralded with the cry of "tar and feathers," but, alas! in these degenerate days, we are called to lament merely over an uproarious disturbance. The *Tribune* groans horribly, it is true, because a set of deistical fanatics were interrupted in their villanous orgies; but it should rather rejoice that no harsher means were resorted to than "tufts of grass"

Talk about freedom! Is any land so lost in self-respect, so sunk in infamy, that God-defying, Bible-abhorring sacrilege will be tacitly allowed? Because the bell-wether of the *Tribune*, accompanied by a phalanx of blue petticoats, is installed as the grand master of outrages, is that any reason for personal respect and public humiliation? Rather should it be the cause of more especial denunciation.

When a few impulsive, misguided, ignorant men meet together, even for improper purposes, they may be entitled to some leniency; but when such men as Horace Greeley and W. L. Garrison, backed by such talented females as Lucy Stone and Lucretia Mott, with malice aforethought, combine to create a disturbance, for the mere purpose of making themselves notorious, it is high time that some sort of estoppel should be put to their proceedings.

In view of all the aggravating circumstances of the case, we congratulate the fool-hardy fanatics upon getting off as easy as they did, and we commend the forbearance of the considerate crowd in not carrying their coercive measures to extremes, because, the humbug being exploded, all that is necessary now is to laugh, hiss, and *vociferously* applaud.

When men make up their minds to vilify the Bible, denounce the Constitution, and defame their country (although this is a free country), they should go down in some obscure cellar, remote from mortal ken, and even there *whisper* their hideous treason against God and Liberty.

From the Express.

THE NEW BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

WE do not wish to speak slightingly even of the Woman's Rights and Abolition "Whole World's Convention" (as it is called), because "Temperance" is the ostensible object of the assemblage, and Temperance is too good a thing ever to be treated with ridicule; but when we saw Mr. Barnum addressing the audience here in Metropolitan Hall, and saw what much of that audience and "platform" was made of, we could not help exclaiming to ourselves "The new Barnum's Museum."

There was our ancient, long-haired orator, Mr. Burleigh—a woman down to his shoulder blades, but a man, if pantaloons be the *insigne*, below; and then mixed in with goated men were Bloomers of a very equivocal sex, with Quakers and pretty Quakeresses, and negroes and negresses, and Divines of new schools, with new lights and white cravats, and black gloves and spectacles, especially on woman, so numerous as to make it a curiosity to behold the number. The real aim of most of these men and women, here, was not so much "Temperance" as to make a demonstration on "Woman's Rights," with a sprinkling in of Abolitionism. The latter topic has been pretty well suppressed, but the former broke out often; and we must do the women, especially the young ones, the justice to say that when they have spoken, they have spoken, if not rightfully, at least right well. One of them told us—quite a bewitching creature for her enthusiasm, if not for face, which was far from bad—that the only lessons in elocution she ever had she had taught herself in caroling (or caracoling) to the birds in the woods. True, as she said, her practice had given her a masculine voice, and rather tanned her agreeable face, but that face was lit up with so much smartness and real earnestness that we almost envied Brother Burleigh of the long hair and curls, the license he evidently has on the platform (to say nothing of the clover he lives in).

Whoever has not visited this Museum, the last of Mr. Barnum's getting up, has evidently missed a figure. There was our own old friend Lloyd Garrison, not chilled in enthusiasm, though frosted in what is left of the hair on his head. There was there cheerful-looking Arnold Buffum, the philosopher of the human race, and the philanthropist in general. There was Lucretia Mott, the brisk little Miss Lucy Stone, the Rev. Miss Brown, Mrs. Nichols, and Mrs Rose of the Tom Paine school of religion. There, too, was Brother Greeley, tickled to death with the last *ism*. There was a goat-bearded gentleman who has got Mr. Barnum to go a Temperance stumping in Wisconsin. There was another just such an animal from Maine. There was Mrs. Gage, all the way from Missouri, not young, but clever, and a natural teller of tales. Indeed, there was such a rush of talk that the meeting had to do what they do in Congress—establish a fifteen minutes rule; but patriotism and enthusiasm leaped over it often, and the Chairman had to quarrel in order to tie up the eulogies of the orators and oratoresses in such narrow bounds.

The city just now has a great many amusements for the numerous strangers here, but we must say none, we being judges, that quite equal this. The mountebank negro minstrels, disgusting to taste and propriety, could be exchanged here for real negroes, Congos of the breed of the Simon Pure. Alboni and Sontag were rivalled in Miss Emily Clark or Miss Lucy Stone. The "Amphions" and other singers were substitutes for Julien, and Burton and Wallack hardly come up to some of the story tellers and stories told here. Upon the whole, Mr. Barnum is to be as much congratulated for the unrivalled success of this exhibition as he was for the Jenny Lind speculation, or as he is now for "the Lady with the Beard."

From the Times.

THE FEMALE PESTS.

MESSRS. LUCY STONE, Antoinette L. Brown, and Company, gave the public another touch of their quality, yesterday, at Metropolitan Hall. Backed by Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and the *Tribune*, they enacted a very respectable imitation of Captain Synders's exploits at the Tabernacle a day or two since. Not satisfied with their own Conventions, called expressly to give them a hearing, they forced themselves into the meeting of delegates, among whom they had no shadow of right; and succeeded in creating so much confusion, as to put a stop to the legitimate business of the Convention, and render it necessary for the Police to clear the house. The great object at which these champions of reform aimed, was to secure for Miss Antoinette Brown a seat upon the platform among the male officers of the meeting, where she could be seen to advantage by the assembly at large. The ambition was worthy of the Amazonian *troupe* whose shameless self-exposures have amused the rabble, and disgusted the sensible, during the past few days.

It is curious to see how naturally fanaticism on one subject, begets equal fanaticism on every other. Garrison, as he is fond of reminding the public, began his Anti-Slavery career without abandoning his religious faith. Gradually his zeal for the abolition of Slavery led him into a reckless contempt for everything else; and he soon became equally zealous for the abolition of the family, the Bible, religion, and everything else that seems to stand in the way of his special object. He came here professedly to aid the cause of Temperance; but the extent of his interest and sincerity on that subject was speedily manifested by his declaration that, as the Maine Law recognized the Constitution of the United States, he could n't support it. His special hobby now, is to help Messrs. Lucy Stone & Co. secure the abolition of all distinction in gender. And in this, as in all his other insane vagaries, he is followed by the uneasy gang whose chief ambition is to keep themselves in the public eye.

The power of these she-males and their abettors is confined to the faculty of injuring every cause they espouse. They have made every subject they have touched odious and contemptible in the public mind. They are now trying the same game on the temperance cause. Pretending to be its friends, they have shown clearly that they regard it simply as a hobby on which they can ride into public notice. They would rather kill the cause forever than suffer Miss Antoinette Brown to be kept off the platform. The Temperance Convention into which they thrust themselves yesterday, was a body of highly respectable, influential and prudent friends of the Temperance reform. They have uniformly kept their movements free from the fanatical ultraisms by which other worthy causes have often been so deeply injured, and have gone forward in their efforts in the path marked out by prudence, decorum, and a proper regard for public sentiment. They had brought together distinguished advocates of the Temperance cause from various parts of this country and of Europe, who were proceeding with their deliberations in an eminently judicious and effective manner, when this unseemly onslaught of discontented females occurred. It is deeply to be regretted that such an interruption should have taken place, though, as will be seen by our report of the proceedings, it was but temporary, as order was restored and preserved at the evening session.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

DURING Thursday and Friday of last week, a Convention was held at Metropolitan Hall, which if we should compare its pretensions with its actions, would be solely deserving of ridicule. But when the wolf puts on the clothing of the lamb, and like a coward hypocrite steals out to ravage and destroy, denunciation is the only proper language. Under the name of "Whole World's Temperance Convention," a call was issued by certain seceders from a prior convention, to the people of the World, inviting every individual who was opposed to intemperance to unite in the advocacy of the Temperance cause, without distinction of nation, sex or creed. Women's rights men, and women's rights women, anti-women's rights men, and anti-women's rights women, Abolitionists and Slavery propagandists, negroes and slaveholders, Roman Catholics, Protestants and Infidels, in short, men and women of every colour creed and nation, invited in soothing accents to unite for the common object of relieving society from the curse of intemperance. Now this is certainly a noble object and one which appeals strongly to the best feelings of every philanthropist.

It must be perfectly plain, even to the most intensely stupid or fanatical mind, that to insure union and harmony of action among such a motley crowd of men and women, and such a curious admixture of creeds, it was absolutely necessary to avoid with the utmost circumspection, the introduction of extraneous or discordant opinions; and if such offensive opinions as are characteristic of women's rights or infidel conventions were introduced and advocated, with the aid and encouragement of the callers of the assembly, the inference is equally clear and undeniable that those leaders were guilty of a deliberate and intentional swindle upon every friend of temperance who was induced to unite in this temperance movement, but who was opposed to disorganizing schemes or infidel doctrines. But when we say that all this was a mere lure to draw spectators, and that the cause of Temperance was prostituted to that of Intemperance; that under the name of Moral Reform foul and despicable "isms" were advocated; that ultra, disorganizing and profane notions were perpetually rising to the surface—we shall only say, what every one was entitled to expect from the character of the men and women who issued the call for this Convention.

There is one fact in connection with this "Whole World's Temperance Convention," which is common to all these meetings of pseudo-Philanthropists. We allude to the intense, highly concentrated bitterness of hatred, which is exhibited towards every one who ventures a single allusion to the impracticability of carrying out their utopian visions. They seem to forget that great public reforms are accomplished by the light of reason and eloquence—that malice and heart-burning, and scoffings and revilings, and gnashing of teeth and clinchings of fists, and howls and contortions, and all manner of hateful and evil words, are things more appropriate to the regions of the damned, than to a caravan of holy saints and philanthropic reformers. * * * In fact, had some of the small gentlemen with large souls, who, writhing and struggling under their sense of the wrongs of society, and utterly unable to find words to express the bitter hate for all the rest of mankind save them and theirs, which was seething and boiling in their contracted bosoms, indulged in a series of robust and hearty oaths and curses, and witch-like maledictions, toward mankind in general, we doubt not that their breasts would be relieved of pent up feelings, their sleep would be sweeter by nights, and there would be less rejoicing in future among the fallen angels; for although Satan loves a bold and open villain, he dotes, above all things, upon the coward hypocrite and evil doer. We recommend, therefore, to the signers of this call, when they next summon together their followers, to renounce the miserable farce of inviting philanthropists to unite with them in a mission of love to the human race, but rather to construct a bold and honourable platform upon which they can consistently stand. Let them lay down as a law, that man is a woman and woman a man, that both are neither and neither are both; let them denounce the Bible as inconsistent with light of modern reason; let them proclaim that modern reason is a scintillation from the Deity, and that nature is God and God is nature, and let them go in for a general overturning and crushing of old things, and when society is reduced to a chaos, cannot Horace Greeley and Lucretia Mott, and P. T. Barnum, and Lucy Stone, construct an infinitely better one than that which God has already made? And shall we not then see "the good time" which the Rev. Antoinette Brown tells us is coming? Let them do this, and we will have a respect for the open villainy which we cannot feel for the coward hypocrisy that hides the teeth of the wolf under a lamb's fleece.

If these people would be content with simply making themselves ridiculous, we could look on and enjoy their pranks as we do those of Barnum's Happy Family; laugh in our sleeve and be quiet. But when they come to scoff at, revile and undermine that religion which every man, who has the slightest apology for the soul of a man, should respect for the sake of humanity, if he be unfortunate enough to undervalue it for himself, we lose all patience. The sixth resolution of the Convention reads as follows:

6. Resolved, That we impeach the use of fermented or alcoholic wine in the solemn celebration of the Eucharist as a profane and impious desecration; since that which poisons and destroys men can be no true symbol of that which purifies, restores and saves; and we challenge the current assumption that wine devoid of alcohol is unattainable in a country where the grape grows so profusely, and in an age when the resources of chemistry are so abundant as in ours, as founded in the grossest ignorance, the most indolent heedlessness, or the most flagrant dishonesty.

This resolution was conceived in a spirit and brought forward in a manner which no man, who was not cursed either with the senseless stupidity of a brute or the cold-blooded heartlessness of an infidel, could tolerate with anything like coolness. "What is truth? said jesting Pilate," and would not wait for answer. "Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and "count it a bondage to fix a belief, affecting free-will "in thinking as well as in acting. And though the "sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there "remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the "same veins, though there be not so much blood in "them as was in those of the ancients." We have'nt the least doubt, but that the leaders of the "ismites" think themselves the great High Priests of the Temple of Reason, justly entitled to the thanks of the human race for their wisdom and beneficence; we assure them, on the contrary, that they belong to the old band of Agrarians, Adventurers, and Infidels, who have been waging war on Society ever since the earliest dawn of Civilization. But the Whole World's Intemperate Temperance Convention, has finished its labours, and the motley crowd is dispersing; Peace go with them! And now that they are gone, let the floors of Metropolitan Hall be scoured, and let its walls be fumigated, and let us prepare for the temperate "World's Temperance Convention," which it is to be hoped will achieve some good in the cause for which it is called.

From Bennett's Herald.

THE ABOLITIONISTS HISSED AND LAUGHED DOWN—ENTIRE DISPERSION OF MISS LUCY STONE'S CHANCE FOR THE CROWN OF MARTYRDOM.—We gave yesterday a verbatim report of the scenes which transpired at Metropolitan Hall on Sabbath evening last, and we were much gratified to see that the people of New York were so temperate, in view of the style in which the speakers villified them, their religion, and their fellow-citizens of the Southern States. That the votaries of Garrison, Greeley, and Stone, the ultra Abolitionists, are nuisances, who deserve a straight jacket and six months each in the airy locality of Blackwell's Island, no man in his senses, or woman who has a proper idea of her "mission" as a humanizer and beautifier of all that pertains to earth, will for a moment doubt. But if these people were punished as they deserve—if they were imprisoned and beaten with many stripes—they would appeal to the sympathy of the public, an appeal which is not often made in vain. The man who murders his wife and demolishes his children finds some soft hearts to sympathize with him, and to interfere between him and the law which exacts "blood for blood." So with the Abolition fanatics. Were their doctrines acceded to by a majority of the people they would bathe the land with the gore of our citizens falling in defence of rights guarantied to them by the constitution and laws which we have sworn to protect and defend. But it would only assist these seditious vagabonds were they denounced, hunted, and put to death, as would have been their lot had they not chanced to live in a good-natured, and among a jolly, laughter-loving people. We will not allow them to be martyrs. It is too much honour. We do not think, however, that Greeley would imitate the philosophy of the saint who was broiled upon a gridiron, and who announced to his persecutors that as he was sufficiently cooked upon one side he would thank them to "turn him over." But many of them would love the cause for which they suffer, and desire to be persecuted for opinion's sake. They are the "false prophets" against whom we are warned by the voice of inspiration, and as they can do no harm we only laugh at them. It is said that William III. pardoned a notorious Jacobite, when everybody imagined that the friend of the Stuarts would have been made a head shorter. When asked by a minister his reason, the sagacious prince replied that the man desired martyrdom, and therefore should not die: "We'll have no more martyrs in England." We follow his example, and will have no martyrs in the United States. The people will go and hear the ravings of the Abolition maniacs; but they do so for excitement—for a cheap place of amusement—for a good laugh, as they would go to see Burton in a new farce. And, by the way, if these "entertainments" are to be frequent, the cash box of the great delineator of "Captain Cuttle" and "Mr. Toodle" will be apt to suffer. Sometimes, when the Abolitionists go too far with their plays—when they indulge in such sentiments as are expressed in the following extract—then the people go as far as they do, and take measures to break up the orgies of the insane crew. On Sunday night, at Metropolitan Hall, Miss Lucy Stone said:

"*We mean to have a new Northern Republic* (more hisses, and the confusion became general). You may hiss it if you please, but it is like shooting a pogun against Gibralter (hisses, cries, and laughter). *We go for the abolition of Slavery or the dissolution of the Union* (cries of 'Turn her out,' and a storm of hisses). *The South must abolish Slavery or stand alone. The Union must be dissolved, or Slavery must be abolished.*"

Now, there were some persons in the audience who thought the joke had gone far enough; they knew that Mr. E. D. Culver was a bore, that he would not amuse them as Lucy Stone had done, and, as they had paid their money (one shilling each), they took it upon themselves to stop the performance when they had had enough of it. No violence, no blows. The jokers in the gallery confined themselves to pungent remarks, well seasoned with the wit of Atticus, and an occasional volley of hisses by way of *dessert* to the repast. The Abolitionists were discomfited. They could not bear ridicule. It annoyed them to be laughed at. We must hold on to them. They afford us too much amusement, and we cannot afford to lose them at present. We do not often see anything so very funny as one of their "conventions," and cannot lose it altogether. No; no! Garrison and Greeley shall make us laugh much more.

From the Times.

* * * * Row number three was a very jolly affair, a regular break-down at the Tabernacle. The women had their rights and more beside. The cause was simply that the rowdyish diathesis is just now prevalent. True, a coloured woman made a speech, but there was nothing in that to excite a multitude. She did'nt speak too low to be heard, she did not insult them with improper language. Nor did the rowdies respond at all insultingly. They did not curse—they only called for half a dozen in the shell. They didn't swear, they only hurried up that stew. They did wrong, however. If we had our own way, every rascally rowdy among them should have Bloomers of all colours preaching at them by the year—a year for every naughty word they uttered, a score of them for every hiss. Out upon the villains who go to any meeting to disturb it. Let anybody, who can hire a house and pay for it, have his say, and let none be disturbed. The sensitive can stay away. But for us—let us be thankful that for such hot weather there is something to arouse us, something to season our insipid dishes, something to spice our dull days with. *Mem.* It was cooler in the evening.

From the Herald.

LUCY STONE and her temperance allies—Greeley and his bran-bread disciples, strong-minded women and weak-headed men—Garrison and his rampant Abolitionists, Greeley, Miss Lucy, and company, and the whole vegetarian and woman's rights tribe inclusive, in their various meetings last week, gave us a very considerable insight into the mysteries of vegetable and cold water socialism. But the results of all their labours may be summed up in three words—gas, twaddle, nonsense. They nominated neither a cold water, nor a woman's rights, nor yet a vegetable ticket for the November election. They spoke much—they recommended many things; but they did nothing.

But this week a more formidable, because a more respectable, more extensive, more talented, and more regularly organized onslaught is to be made upon John Barleycorn and his allies, in the World's Temperance Convention, which meets at Metropolitan Hall to-day, at 10 o'clock, and the sessions of which are to continue for four days. Last spring, by resolution, the strong-minded women were ruled out of this convention; and hence the independent demonstrations of Miss Lucy Stone and company of last week, winding up with the squash festival of Saturday night, and the supplemental abolition orgies of Sunday evening. This World's Temperance Convention, therefore, enters the arena free from the socialist, woman's rights, vegetable and Abolition annoyances which ruled the roast at Miss Lucy's assemblages. Such men as Dr Lyman Beecher, Neal Dow, Gen. S. F. Cary, Hon. J. B. O'Neal of South Carolina, John Cassell, of England, Rev. John P. Hunt, and other gentlemen, are named as among the speakers expected at this convention.

* * * The miscellaneous doings at the Metropolitan Hall last week were but the prelude to the grand chorus, or the mere preliminary skirmishing to the battle of the Amazons which is to begin this day at the Tabernacle. Among the speakers here, Madame Ernestine L. Rose rises into view again. Her last public appearance, we believe, was at the Infidel Anti-Bible Convention at Hartford, from which, in the midst of a tirade upon the teachings of Christianity, she was ignominiously expelled. To-day and to-morrow we may expect a rehash of the Worcester Conventions, with all the latest improvements.

Let our friends from the South walk in and see the fun.

From the Evangelist.

THE "WHOLE WORLD'S" CONVENTION.

THE Convention called by the ladies and gentlemen who were pleased to secede from the preliminary meeting held in the Brick Chapel, last spring, because women were not admitted as delegates, was held in this city, at the Metropolitan Hall, on Thursday and Friday last, with pendents and consequences, on Saturday and the Sabbath. The assemblage was entitled the Whole World's Temperance Convention—though it is to be confessed that but a small portion of it chose to be represented on the occasion. The principal actors in the several meetings held, were more known for their zeal in other matters than "Temperance;" and the few Temperance men proper, that did appear, were confessedly there by invitation, which their position or their good nature could not allow them to refuse. Mr. Pierpont, Mr. Barnum, Mr. Hale and others, were present, evidently out of their place, as they had nothing to say upon the matter which was, after all, uppermost in the minds of those who called and led the Convention. It was, with all its resolves and speeches respecting Temperance, emphatically a Woman's Rights Convention.

We have not time to sketch the proceedings of the Convention, though they were not lacking either in ability or interest. There is a degree of earnestness in the leading advocates of this movement, which is never without interest. The speakers were about equally male and female, though in length, and ability, it will probably be the opinion of most hearers that the latter class of orators bore away the palm.

* * *

On the Sabbath, the tendencies of this movement had a still more decisive indication. A sermon was preached in the Metropolitan Hall, in the morning by Miss Antoinette Brown, who claims and secures for herself the title of Reverend. In what succession of ministers of Christ, or by what Scriptural authority, or decent usage, Miss Brown has her clerical office, we are unable to say. It certainly cannot be the same office which was held by Paul—for into that no woman was suffered to enter. The novelty of the event, of course, attracted a large number of the countless idlers who make holiday of the Sabbath, and who were willing to pay their shilling for the chance of a little excitement. So little of the order of a Christian assembly prevailed, that the service was unable to commence till long after the usual time; and when begun, commanded so little of the respect of the auditory, that it was more a farce than a sermon. The disorder which interrupted the speaker was not to be excused; but what shall be said of the shameless invitation for it, which the public appearance of a woman on such a day and for such a purpose gave? We do not think it requires a very nice ethical perception, to distribute the sin of this riotous and disgraceful violation of the Lord's day.

In the afternoon and evening, public Anti-Slavery meetings were held, at which Mr. Garrison, Lucy Stone, Mr. Burleigh, Mr. Culver and others, took part. The speeches, as reported, were no more appropriate to the Sabbath, than those which the same speakers would make at any other time. Indeed, one great purpose, and the most lasting effect of the meetings, was to destroy all public reverence for the Sabbath. The meeting in the evening was crowded; and after a session of about an hour, which was as boisterous as it was possible to be without a riot, it broke up in a complete row. The speakers were literally mobbed into silence, and the disgrace again inflicted upon our city, of a violent interruption of the right of speech.

Thus ended the Whole World's Temperance Convention. Though the entire proceedings, with all their violence, were not anticipated by the leaders of the movement, yet we cannot but think that in the downward course, and low, anarchical and barbarous termination of the Convention, there is as significant a type of the moral progress of the reform which called it, as could possibly be afforded.

"NEGRO MEETINGS.—We understand, from an undoubted source, that Lloyd W. Williams, Esq, our State's Attorney, has given instruction to Sheriff Storm, to summon a force sufficient to arrest and imprison all slaves or free blacks, who may hereafter be found together within the borders of our County, attending negro camp meetings, &c., and that he has given due notice of this to the officers of the Companies of such Railroads leaving the city of Baltimore, who have been in the habit of transporting negroes, in large parties, to any point in our country."—*Baltimore County (Md.) Advocate.*

No doubt of it. We happen to recollect that this gentleman did his simple duty in the hearing of the notorious kidnapper, McCreary, in the outrageous Rachel Parker kidnapping case, as prosecutor for the Commonwealth. But he happened, in that case, to do it on the side of justice and mercy, against the despotic interests of Slavery, and that was enough to insure his taking the earliest possible opportunity to atone for it! We have noticed that is a way the Southern public men have of doing things where Slavery is concerned.

What about Madia families in Italy, now? Will there be any more meetings in Baltimore to lament their punishment for worshipping God according to their own tastes, after the above proposed outrage on the poor peeled and trampled blacks? We shall see.—*Tribune.*

THE UNION IN DANGER.—The 'national' Democracy have found a new source of grief in the fact that one Ezra L. Stephens, believed to be of Anti-Slavery tendencies, and a friend of Mr. Giddings, has been appointed to a small clerkship in Washington.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1853.

POSTPONED.

WE have a telegraphic dispatch from Boston, informing us that the Semi-Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, heretofore advertised to be held at Syracuse, on the 29th and 30th of this month, has been postponed. We know nothing of the reasons for this, but presume the Executive Committee have acted in accordance with the wishes of our friends in Syracuse.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society appeal to all its members and friends, in every part of the Union, for aid to sustain their operations during the coming Autumn and Winter.

The field of our action is continually enlarging. The demand for the faithful preaching of Anti-Slavery principles is greater than we can meet. From Maine to Wisconsin, the call for those who can speak the words which will first awaken, and then purify and heal, this guilty land, is earnest and loud. What we can do, to answer this call, shall be done. We need not say that our ability, in this respect, will be in proportion to the self-sacrificing contributions of the individual members of the Society, and friends of the cause.

The Committee have already commenced operations for the season, in the Western States. Three of our truest friends and ablest speakers have already gone into that field—viz.: Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, and Abby K. Foster. Mr. Garrison is contemplating a visit to Central New York, and to Michigan. Others will precede or follow him; and, joining with the speakers resident at the West, will, we hope, by the first of October, together constitute the largest and strongest corps of Anti-Slavery labourers which has been in the field for many years.

To carry on the work more particularly in the State of New York, and the States west of it, a generous friend of the cause in Boston has already pledged the sum of One Thousand Dollars. With this encouraging beginning, we appeal with the more confidence to our friends to come forward and sustain the special work. Let us take advantage of the aroused attention, and awakening conscience of the land, and publish the saving truths of uncompromising Anti-Slavery everywhere. It is the truth—and the truth alone—which shall make this people free. Fettered by no sect or party, we will proclaim it, as God shall give us strength.

We address ourselves to every Auxiliary Society—to every Anti-Slavery neighbourhood—to every true mind and heart. We have been blamed, by some of our friends, for so seldom calling upon the Abolitionists of the country for pecuniary aid. Certainly we have not pressed them with frequent demands. We have preferred to think that the eminent importance and sacredness of our cause would make all its friends prompt and unsolicited givers. But we feel that the *present* and the *future* demand of us greater efforts than we have ever put forth. It is not for us to tire of the work, and throw the burden upon other shoulders. Let *no one* look back, who has put his hand to the Anti-Slavery plough.

We earnestly ask immediate attention to this appeal. Donations of money, or pledges of sums to be paid at any time between this and the first of January next, should be sent to the Treasurer, FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston; or to the Assistant Treasurer, SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, 142 Nassau St., New York.

For the Executive Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Rec. Secretary.*

RIGHT AND WRONG IN NEW YORK.

IT needs the pen of genius to record in a fitting manner the scenes and events connected with the Conventions recently held in our city. Vividly as they are impressed upon our own mind, we shrink from the attempt to describe or interpret them for those who were absent; for no effort of ours can do justice to the theme. But our readers will rightfully look to us for information, and they must not look altogether in vain.

We do not forget that the *Standard* is an Anti-Slavery journal and the organ of an Anti-Slavery Society. With the question of Woman's Rights, as such, we do not propose to meddle; nor shall we mix improperly in the controversies that have arisen among the friends of Temperance. But there are some matters connected with the Conventions above alluded to which, on account of the general principles they involve, and the persons whose conduct has been impeached by a pro-slavery press, it is eminently proper that we should notice. The Right of Speech has been assailed on the platform and in the press—assailed, too, in the persons of Abolitionists, and *because* they were Abolitionists; hence we cannot be silent without being derelict to duty. Men have been proscribed on account of the complexion of their skins, and the question which the American Anti-Slavery Society settled for itself in 1840, by recognising the right of woman to labour on equal terms with man upon the Anti-Slavery platform, has been raised in another place, under precisely similar circumstances, with a result which it becomes our duty, as the conductor of a *newspaper*, if on no other ground, to state. The press of the city, moreover, has so mixed up the Abolitionists and their movements with the proceedings of the Conventions alluded to that silence on our part would be taken as a tacit acknowledgement that they deserve the denunciations which have been heaped upon them.

Never before did we realize the capacity of the New York Press for the work of detraction and downright, shameless lying. With the exception of the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*, the daily journals have seemed to regard no misrepresentation too glaring, no falsehood too outrageous, that promised to aid them in exciting public odium against the Reformers, and especially against those who are known as Abolitionists. Day after day did their columns teem with the most reckless vituperation and the most unseemly caricature of peaceable and Christ-like men and women, whereby the rowdyism of the city was stirred to its very depths, while the most outrageous violations of good order and decency on the part of pro-slavery men, clergymen as well as others, were covered up or excused. Light was put for darkness, and darkness for light—truth for falsehood, and falsehood for truth—with an audacity that might almost put the Devil himself to the blush! In other columns we have given extracts from various journals, by which our readers may judge if we speak too strongly. The *Herald* has heretofore been deemed, *par excellence*, the "*Satanic Press*" of New York. It must look well to its laurels. The *Times*, to say nothing of any other rival, bids fair to outstrip it in the race of infamy. That paper has one special advantage over the *Herald* in the fact that its principal Editor is a member of a popular pro-slavery Church, and therefore able to gain access in quarters from which the latter is excluded. The *Evangelist*, the organ of the New School Presbyterians, is also entitled to a prominent place among the journals which have not scrupled to deal in misrepresentation and falsehood to promote the interests of its sect. We refer to its own language in another column for proof that this judgment is not too severe.

We gave in our last a truthful, though very inadequate, report of the doings of the *Whole* World's Temperance Convention. We appeal to the thousands who witnessed its deliberations to confirm our assertion, that, from first to last, its course was honourable to those who took part in it; that it confined itself in good faith to the great object for which its members came together; that the speaking on its platform was generally pertinent, always forcible, and often eloquent; that the tone of its discussions was eminently dignified and Christian, and adapted to make a strong and highly salutary impression upon the public mind. And yet the press represented it as a gathering of "fanatics" and "infidels"—of men and women who cared nothing for the Temperance cause, but everything for themselves, and who were bent upon a wild and reckless crusade against all existing institutions!

Antoinette Brown's preaching at Metropolitan Hall was next in the order of time. The City Anti-Slavery Society having control of the Hall for the day, generously offered it for her use. We ask our readers now to notice the terms employed by the *Evangelist* to describe the religious services conducted by her. The audience, we are told, was made up of "idlers, who make holiday of the Sabbath, and who were willing to pay their shilling for the chance of a little excitement." How did the Reverend calumniator who wrote these words know whereof he affirmed? Even if he had known that this description of the audience were true, one would think that a man who professes to love sinners—"idlers" as well as others—might rejoice that, for once, they had been induced to listen to what even *he* must have acknowledged a sound gospel sermon, though preached by a woman. But his description is false. The entrance was *free*, and we venture to say that a more intelligent or better-behaved audience was nowhere gathered on that Sabbath day than that which filled Metropolitan Hall. It is true that the services were delayed about ten minutes, partly on account of the tardiness of a portion of the audience, and partly because, owing to a misunderstanding, a Bible and Hymn Book had to be sent for. Let the *Evangelist* make the most of this trivial circumstance. Again we are told that the service "commanded so little of the respect of the auditory that it was more a farce than a sermon." There is not a shadow of truth in this statement. We appeal to the thousands who were present on the occasion for the truth of our affirmation that the audience gave close and undisturbed attention to the speaker from beginning to end. Never have we seeen a religious congregation behave with greater propriety. The "disorder" which this reverend calumniator is so ready to excuse existed only in his own distempered imagination. Of the propriety of female preaching we say nothing. We speak in behalf of the freedom of speech and in reprobation of "pious" rowdyism and mendacity.

In regard to the Anti-Slavery meetings, we need hardly add anything to what we said last week. Certainly nothing in their proceedings was inconsistent with the most orthodox views of the sanctity of the day. Do not Orthodox men often hold Temperance or Anti-Slavery meetings on Sunday? And have not Orthodox gentlemen apologized for the Fugitive Slave Law from the pulpit *on that day* without being rebuked therefor by the *Evangelist*? Has that paper denounced the friends of Temperance in this city, who have held meetings on the Sabbath during the whole summer? The Anti-Slavery Society, whatever may be the opinions of its members, has intended to conduct its operations in such a manner as not to give needless offence to serious-minded persons of any class; and in meeting on the Sabbath day, it acts upon a principle which has the sanction of many persons whose orthodoxy the *Evangelist* will not attempt to impeach. The doctrine that the "disgrace" of interrupting the right of speech attaches to those who exercise that right in the fear of God and in the face of a corrupt public sentiment, is not original with the *Evangelist*, but has been held by respectable Pharisees, rowdies and mobocrats from the day of the Crucifixion till now. In endorsing it, that paper, in spite of its religious professions, puts itself on the level of the "Satanic Press," and there we leave it.

We have to speak next of the *Half*-World's Temperance Convention. We concede too much, however, when we allow it that title, for, besides proscribing woman, it shut its doors against one whole quarter of the world, by refusing to receive coloured delegates. The call expressly invited "all Temperance associations and organizations, based on the principle of Total Abstinence," to be represented in the Convention. The *Tribune* presents facts which are important to a clear understanding of the case:

Before this Call was issued, *Rev. John Marsh* wrote us a letter (see *Tribune*, May 18th) wherein he positively denied that the trouble at the Brick Church Meeting had been caused by Mayor Barstow's refusing to recognise Women as equal colabourers in the Temperance Reform, but said it grew out of Rev. Mr. Higginson's pressing the appointment of a woman on the Business Committee *after that Committee was full*. "Hence arose all the disturbance and schism," says Rev. John; plainly implying that, had the motion to appoint a woman on that Committee been made *at the right time*, it would have encountered no opposition. And John goes on to controvert a correspondent who had previously asserted that Woman was to be shut out of the proposed Convention. Says John:

"Who has said a word about excluding Woman from the Convention and all its entertainments? No one. The basis of the Convention has not been settled. *It will probably be as broad as the world.*"

Well: the Call came out accordingly, with "a basis "as broad as the world;" and therefore John W. Oliver, Chairman of the Executive Committee, wrote us urging that there was no longer any necessity for another Convention, since the Marsh party (with which he acted) had conceded every point in dispute. * * * There was no qualification as to sex, colour or age of the Temperance Society claiming to be represented, although the callers had ample notice that the absence of such limitations would be understood as a disclaimer of any such.

To this we add, that we have the authority of a gentleman of high standing for saying that Mr. Oliver, chairman of the committee of arrangements, told him expressly that the call was adopted and sent forth with the distinct understanding that it included women as well as men. The point was discussed and settled in this way by the committee.

Acting, therefore, in good faith, Antoinette Brown went to the Convention as a delegate from two distinct Temperance organizations. She offered her credentials in the first place to members of the committee of arrangements, but they answered her equivocally, and she was therefore under the necessity of appealing to the Convention itself. Taking her place upon the platform, she improved the first opportunity to ask the President, Hon. Neal Dow, if she was entitled to a seat as a member. "Certainly," he replied, "if you have been appointed a delegate by a Temperance organization, according to the terms of the call." This decision gave great offence to the slaveholders and pro-slavery clergymen in the Convention, and the displeasure of some of them was manifested in words and looks disrespectful to Miss Brown and disgraceful to a meeting of gentlemen. A resolution was hastily proposed and adopted, declaring in substance that while the Convention appreciated the help of Woman in the Temperance cause, the public platform was not her appropriate place.

On the morning of the second day, Wendell Phillips appeared in the Convention as one of the delegates of the Ninth Ward Neal Dow Total Abstinence Society. His presence caused a prodigious fluttering among the Southern delegates and their allies; and when he rose to administer a deserved rebuke to the men who had insulted Miss Brown on the previous day, the excitement was very strong; but he held his ground in spite of all interruptions. At length Miss Brown addressed the Chair, and was invited by him to the platform. A dozen clergymen and as many more of their allies cried "order," "order," in one inharmonious chorus. The Chair decided that Miss Brown had the floor and must be allowed to proceed. An appeal was taken, and the Convention ratified the decision of the Chair by a large majority. The advocates of the gag were thunderstruck. For half an hour or more they occupied the attention of the Convention by factiously claiming the floor on questions of "order," which were successively pronounced by the Chair to be *out of order*; and when, at length, their ingenuity in this direction was exhausted, and no other means of preventing Miss Brown from speaking was left, they threw off all disguise and played the part of rowdies and ruffians in the most natural man

find the prisoner a free man. What a second-handed gratification!

The *Union*, the other day, remarking on the longevity of judges, notices the fact that three of the pattern instances of the tribe have lasted us ever since the foundation of the Government, and the last is not worn out yet. Jay, Marshall, and Taney, from 1789 till 1853, and some time to come. What wonder, that a lawyer gone to seed keeps well in the granary? And what is there in an orthodox judge that could take any sort of complaint, or feel any sort of injury? If a "tanner will last you nine year" in the grave, because "his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while," why may not a man mummied alive hold out well on the bench? E.

A KIDNAPPING SCHEME DEFEATED.

Our readers will remember the account we gave, in the *Standard* of the 3d inst., of the arrest, at Niagara Falls, of Patrick Sneed, a coloured waiter in the Cataract House, upon the pretence that he had committed murder in Savannah. His associates believing him to be arrested as a fugitive slave, attempted a rescue, but they were overpowered, and the man was taken to Buffalo, where he was thrust into jail upon a pretence of awaiting a requisition from the Governor of Georgia. We intimated a suspicion that, after all, the charge of murder was only a ruse to enable a master to obtain possession of his runaway slave; and it now appears that this suspicion was well founded. The man was brought up on *habeas corpus* last week, in Buffalo, before Judge Sheldon, who investigated the case and set the man at liberty. Our limits will not permit us to publish the testimony at length, but the substance of it is presented in the following opinion of Judge Sheldon:

The prisoner, Patrick Sneed, was brought before me by the keeper of the Jail of Erie County, in obedience to a writ of habeas corpus, issued to him on the 3d inst. The return showed as cause of detention a commitment by the Police Justice of this city, which was regular on its face, and directed the detention of the prisoner for further examination on a charge of murder. The return was not denied, but the prisoner's counsel interposed a traverse under the 48th section of the act relative to writs of habeas corpus, alleging that the imprisonment was unlawful by reason of the entire want of jurisdiction in the magistrate to issue the warrant of arrest, and alleging also that the commitment was irregular, and that he was entitled to be discharged. The traverse was heard in the manner pointed out by the statute, and a decision made supporting the allegations of want of jurisdiction and the irregularity of the commitment, and further deciding that it was my duty, under section 43 of the same act, to proceed to hear the testimony offered with the return and on the hearing thereof, and the whole matter was heard on behalf of the people and the prisoner on the 6th and 7th inst.

The prisoner is sought to be detained as a fugitive from justice, and it is alleged that in the month of July, 1849, he committed the crime of murder upon James M. Jones, at Savannah, Ga., and fled from that State and is found within the State of New York. The proceedings for his arrest and commitment are declared by the Revised Statutes to be in all respects similar to those for the arrest and commitment of persons charged with commission of offences within this State. The act of 1839 declares that if it shall satisfactorily appear from such examination that such person has committed a criminal offence and is a fugitive from justice, the examining magistrate is to commit him to jail to await the requisition of the Governor of the State wherein the fugitive committed the offence, etc.

By reference to the statute in regard to the arrest and examination of offenders, their commitment, etc., it will be observed that its provisions relating to offences committed within this State differ in important particulars from the sections above stated as applicable to the arrest and commitment of fugitives from justice. It is provided by the former, that if it shall appear that an offence has been committed, and there is probable cause to believe the prisoner to be guilty thereof he shall be committed to prison to await his trial, unless bail is offered, if the offence be bailable.

In the case under consideration, in order to commit, it must satisfactorily appear that the prisoner has not only committed a criminal offence, but that he is a fugitive from justice, and in my opinion it requires evidence of a different and more conclusive character to justify a commitment as a fugitive, than would be necessary to detain as an offender against the laws of the State. Two essential points are to be established. First, that the prisoner has committed the crime of the murder of Mr. James M. Jones, and second, that he is a fugitive from justice, and I propose in brief to review the proof and allegations introduced by the people and the prisoner.

It appears that on the 20th of August a public officer of this city received a letter purporting to be signed by Alfred E. Jones, and dated Saratoga, August 16, which stated in substance that the writer had forwarded a newspaper to the officer relative to the prisoner, and desiring to know what he would deliver the prisoner for in Savannah or Baltimore. The paper is produced, and upon one whole side the three advertisements in hand-bill forms, offering large rewards for the murderers of James M. Jones, one of which mentions the prisoner by name, and contains an accurate description of his person and trade, and to which I shall presently refer more particularly. The officer answered that the prisoner could be arrested, and some correspondence then occurred, when the officer swore out a warrant and made the arrest. Several other letters from Mr. A. E. Jones, all since the 20th of August, are produced, which state that finally he has gone to Georgia to procure a requisition from the Executive of that State. He had been informed that it was necessary for him to come here to prefer a complaint, and was aware, as he stated, that a requisition was necessary to legally remove the prisoner, but leaves this State, as he says, to expedite the forwarding of the papers.

In his letters he claims that the prisoner is the murderer of his brother, and offers a reward for his delivery at New York or Baltimore. Without further details it will be sufficient to state that upon this information derived from the letters of Mr. A. E. Jones and the handbill, it is claimed on behalf of the people that they have satisfactorily established the propositions above stated, and that the prisoner should be committed. The prisoner declined being examined, and his counsel introduced certain letters of persons residing at Newark, Licking County, Ohio, the testimony of the Sheriff and District Attorney of that County, and letters of one David H. Dillon, at Savannah, and other gentlemen at that place, all written in the winter of 1849, and spring and summer of 1850, tending to establish that, in the fall of 1849, the prisoner and his half brother Adam Mendenhall, came to Newark, the former remaining but a short time, but the latter continuing to reside there. Soon after the Sheriff received a paper describing these two men as murderers, and arrested Adam, but the prisoner escaped. Adam was released upon habeas corpus, but was subsequently re-arrested by virtue of a warrant of the Governor of Ohio, and delivered over to the District Attorney, who had, upon the application of Dillon, been appointed agent to receive the fugitive and convey him to Georgia.

He was taken to Baltimore, where he was claimed by Edward De Leon of South Carolina as his slave, and not delivered to the authorities of the State of Georgia. Mr. De Leon's letters are introduced stating the accusation of murder against Adam to be false, and claiming him as a fugitive slave. The letters of Dillon in reference to this matter, offer rewards for the delivery of both of these offenders as murderers, but for what reason he was solicited to arrest or convict the murderers of Mr. Jones does not appear.

There are also two letters introduced from Judge Shefall, of Savannah, to the authorities of Newark, denouncing the affair of the arrest of Adam and the attempted arrest of this prisoner, as a scheme contrived by Dillon to repossess himself of Patrick, his own slave, and also to procure Adam as the slave of De Leon, and also speaking of his own knowledge that neither of the alleged fugitives were ever suspected of the offence, and that no affidavit or charge had ever been made against them.

The counsel for the prisoner contends that there is no foundation in truth for the accusation that the prisoner is any way connected with the murder, or that he is a fugitive from justice, but that the proceedings of the present arrest are taken by Dillon under the assumed name of Jones and the whole matter is an imposition upon the authorities of our State, having no other ultimate design than the detention of the prisoner until he may be claimed as a fugitive slave.

The above cursory statement shows the nature of the respective allegations of the parties, and I have deemed it proper to depart from the observance of the ordinary rules of evidence in order to arrive at a conclusion in a summary manner, which shall be satisfactory to my mind, and believe that such a course is justified by the statute, and by eminent judicial decisions pronounced in analogous cases.

I propose now to refer more particularly to the evidence before me. The newspaper referred to, which contains the advertisements of reward, purports to be a weekly paper published in Savannah, and bears date on the first and second pages, May 4th, 1850. The third reward offered by Alfred E. Jones, is the sum of three hundred dollars for the arrest of Patrick Sneed, describing him and his trade, and alleging he is the murderer, and this advertisement is the only one designating any one as the guilty person. This is dated May, 1850, but no day of the month, and states that Patrick fled on the 7th day of that month from Savannah, which is three days after the date of the paper. This point escaped the attention of the prisoner's counsel, as did also the fact that the foot of the last column on the second page ends with a part of a word and in the middle of a sentence, and no conclusion of the sentence is to be found upon the sheet, the third page where it should appropriately be found, being entirely covered by the handbill. It is unnecessary to say that such circumstances greatly tend to impeach the credibility of the paper, and would tend to show that the paper produced was no part of the regular edition of the newspaper, but was rather one of a number of extras struck off after the publication of the edition. It would seem that no publisher of a paper would ever send forth such a mutilated sheet to his subscribers, the very leading article of which being a description of a May day fete, in that locality, was left incomplete. But I am led to a particular examination of the letters signed by Dillon in 1849 and 1850, addressed to one of the witnesses who has been sworn in a course of correspondence between them, and also to the letters written during the past three weeks by Alfred E. Jones, to the officer in this city, upon the subject. The witness spoken of testifies that he received the letters from Dillon in answer to the letters written by himself, and from an inspection of the letters of Jones, he believes that they are written by the same person, and upon examining them myself, it would seem that there is, to say the least, a most remarkable similarity, not only in the form and style of the letters generally, but also in the compositions of the writers upon the same subject matter; the particulars of which it is unnecessary for me to state, but which cannot fail to be apparent even to an upracticed examiner. Besides this it appears from the testimony that on the 15th of August last Mr. Jones was within a few hours ride of Niagara Falls, where, he alleged, the murderer of his brother was employed, and that he well knew that fact; that before the arrest he was well aware of the necessity of his presence and oath to give form and subtance to his accusation, and that although solicited to come to this place for these purposes he has left the whole matter for others to attend to, and not provided them with papers of facts, which he had ample time to procure if any such there were, and which would have given this accusation a character entitling it to the serious consideration of this tribunal. I cannot conceive how such neglect and almost refusal, on his part, can be reconciled; for the ordinary emotions of our nature would prompt a very different course of action on the part of a man in the situation in which he claims to be placed.

I am unable, in the few hours reserved by me for consideration, to enter more fully into a written statement of my views of this case, but after a careful review of the allegations and proofs before me, and an earnest endeavour to apply the law in such a manner that public justice shall not be defeated nor the rights of the individual disregarded, I cannot avoid the conclusion that there is an absence of even probable cause to hold the prisoner, and that it does not, upon his examination satisfactorily appear to me that he has committed the criminal offence which is charged against him, or that he is a fugitive from justice.

On the contrary, it becomes me to declare after thus disposing of the case upon the merits that I am fully convinced of the bad faith of this proceeding, not on the part of the public officers, who have only discharged their duty in a praiseworthy manner, but on the part of the person who has thus contrived to impose upon the authorities. It deserves the condemnation of community, and as one of the chosen conservators of the peace, while ever desirous of upholding truth and right, and enforcing obedience to the law, I deem it my duty to denounce the author of this proceeding as deserving, not only the censure, but the pity of all good citizens.

The prisoner must be FULLY DISCHARGED from custody.

The Aliened American.—This is the title of a new paper, just started at Cleveland, Ohio, by William H. Day, a coloured graduate of Oberlin. It is intended to aid the development, educational, mechanical and social, of Coloured Americans, to vindicate their rights to an equal participation in the administration of the government, and to oppose the hateful spirit of caste out of which has grown the scheme of African Colonization. It is a large, handsomely printed sheet, and the matter it contains affords unmistakeable evidence of the editor's qualifications for the work he has undertaken. Mr. Day holds the views of the United States Constitution which have been so ably set forth by Lysander Spooner, but we believe that he is entirely friendly to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and that, as he has never *betrayed* the friends of that Society, he will never descend to the meanness of echoing the malignant cry of "infidelity" which a pro-slavery Church has raised against them. There is nothing in the difference between his views of the Constitution and ours that should prevent his active co-operation with us, and we shall be glad if any word or effort of ours can aid him in obtaining support for his paper. The terms of the *Aliened American* are $1 50 per annum. We hope that not a few of our friends will send in their subscriptions.

Western Operations.—If our readers would understand the growing and determined Anti-Slavery sentiment of the West, let them peruse with care the proceedings of the Western Anti Slavery Society, at its recent anniversary, as given on our first page. It will be seen that MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED subscribers to the *Bugle* were obtained or assured at a single meeting! This is the spirit that cannot be defeated, that goes on "from conquering to conquer."

The American Anti-Slavery Society, in connection with the Western Society, has commenced a vigorous system of operations at the West. Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. and Mrs. Griffing are now in Southern Ohio, on their way to Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Foster are bound for Michigan, where other labourers will join them. The *Bugle* says that, perhaps, some prominent places in Wisconsin and Northern Illinois will also be visited. In the meantime Ohio and Western Pennsylvania will in no wise be neglected.

In a few weeks, Mr. Garrison will visit Northern Ohio and Michigan.

To support these operations, the American Society needs a liberal supply of funds. We trust the Appeal of the Executive Committee will be promptly heeded.

Jerry Rescue Cases.—The Syracuse *Journal* informs us that a special term of the U. S. Circuit Court, Judge Hall presiding, will be held at Canandaigua, on Tuesday, the 27th instant, expressly for the trial of these cases. Five times have the defendants already appeared in Court. Four indictments have been tried, but not one conviction has been had under the Fugitive Slave Act. Enoch Reed was convicted, but it was for "resistance of process" under an act passed sometime in the 18th century. William L. Salmon, a farmer of Oswego county, was tried under the Fugitive Act, and acquitted. Ira H. Cobb, of Syracuse, was similarly tried. The case occupied nine days, and the jury disagreed, being eight for acquittal, two for conviction, and two "doubtful." John B. Brigham, also of Syracuse, was tried under the Act, and the jury, though kept out a day and a half, disagreed, standing eleven for conviction, and one, Horace D. Curran, for acquittal.

These trials were in January and February last, at Albany, at a Special Term of the Circuit Court, Judge Hall, of the U. S. District Court, presiding.

The *Charleston Mercury*, the special organ of the Slave Power, is out in favour of the appointment of Gen. Dix as Minister to France! His support of Van Buren, in 1848, is pronounced a small matter, which should not expose him to special hostility. The *Mercury* denies that the South opposes his appointment on this ground, and alleges that the only hostility to it comes from a *faction* in his own State. It appears that Gen. Dix has written a letter to Dr. Garvin, of Augusta, Ga., in which he comes square up to the Baltimore Platform, Fugitive Slave Law and all. Is there a line long enough to fathom the treachery of the Barnburners of 1848?

Black and White.—James Williams, a coloured man, who has been in business for some time past in Pearl street, where he succeeded his former employer, a member of the Society of Friends, has entered into copartnership with David Plumb and J. J. Acheson, white men, and the firm is doing business as importers and wholesale dealers in china, glass, and earthen ware, at No. 71 Barclay street, one door east of Greenwich street. A co-partnership like this is a prophecy of the good time coming, when the hateful spirit of caste will have wholly disappeared from among us.

Crowded.—The space occupied by extracts from the "Satanic Press" compels us to omit much that we desired to publish the present week.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXXXII.

The Argument.—*The Correspondent at Lebanon Springs—He justifieth himself—And doeth himself justice—Is accompanied by the Corresponding Editor—His opinion of him—Pittsfield and Governor Briggs — Retrograde Promotion — A Governor erected into a Judge—What is thought of it—Odd circumstances attending it — The Correspondent maketh a charitable ending—He goeth to Shaker Meeting—He describeth their prosperity and maketh a patriotic proposition—He giveth his opinion on Religious Exercises, generally—And speaketh disrespectfully of Dignities — He rejoiceth over the calamities of the Harpers—And why—He anathematizeth Webster's Dictionary—And is shockingly malicious, &c. &c. &c.*

New Lebanon Springs, N. Y.
Sept. 11, 1852.

You will see, by my date, that your Boston Correspondent hath slipped his cable and run across into your own State. This may seem to you, at first, somewhat irregular and out of character, considering the pertinacity with which he holds on to his appointed post of observation. But a little consideration will make you aware that even a Correspondent is entitled to an occasional recreation or relaxation; else, how can he keep his faculties in that state of perfect repair and preternatural pureness essential to the due performance of his functions? A perpetual residence in a crowded city, with one's eyes and mind in a continual state of tension, lest any fact or opinion, worthy of being put upon everlasting record, should peradventure escape him, and the application of mind necessary to produce works to which you would be willing to accord the immortality of your columns, cannot be maintained without unstringing the bow, now and then. You will see, therefore, that I have had your own good chiefly in view in doing what seemed good unto myself—whereby, I conceive, you are estopped from rebuke or remonstrance. And you will notice, moreover, the transparency of my sincerity. For, whereas a common Correspondent would not hesitate to date his Epistle from the usual place of writing, whatever might be the geographical position of his earthly tenement at the time of inditing the same, I, on this occasion, as on all others, express in my date the veritable place where the work was actually composed. A circumstance which cannot fail to be of infinite advantage to future generations of Commentators.

I have come to this place accompanied only by your Corresponding Editor, who is one of the few persons with whom I like to travel. Though you well know the reason I have to complain of him, for his reiterated attempts to appropriate to himself the fame of my letters to you, still I will say for him that I find him a travelling companion very much to my taste. I am well aware that he hath forfeited the approbation of several of Our First Men, by rash and ill-considered opinions touching them; but, notwithstanding, I must say that there are few men I value more, personally, or of whose good opinion I am so solicitous. We have agreed perfectly in all our plans on this occasion, and found ourselves here on Friday afternoon last past. We came by rail to Pittsfield, and thence by coach. Pittsfield, you know, is the residence of Governor Briggs, whose Administration was distinguished by the calling forth of the Massachusetts Volunteers and by the hanging of Washington Goode. He has just been nominated the Junior Justice of the Court of Common Pleas! Which seemeth to be advancing, as Hamlet saith, "like a crab—backwards." I remember somebody says, *apropos* to the Bridge of San Angelo at Rome, that the making an Archangel a Saint was something like creating an English Duke a City Knight. The promotion of a Governor to be the Judge of an Inferior Court seems to be an advancement of the like nature. Though I must allow that my comparison is rather of the most magnificent. But, never mind; let it stand.

By the way, this nomination was not received by the profession, as I am told, with great satisfaction, inasmuch as Mr. Briggs has been out of practice for many years, and was never a lawyer of very eminent distinction. Another odd circumstance attending it was the fact that, though the business of the Court was suffering for want of another Judge, the place was kept open for this gentleman for three months or so, that he might act as a Member of the Constitutional Convention. And yet another may be added. I believe I told you that the New Constitution provides that the Judges shall hold their offices for Ten Years, excepting those already in Commission, who shall hold on for Life. It is said that, to bring Governor Briggs within the purview of this last provision, his Commission was antedated, or perhaps rather actually issued at that time, so as to make his term of office begin before the amendment had passed the Convention. But, then, the poor Whigs know that their time is short, and it is not to be wondered at that they should wish to make provision for those of their own household while they could. And, after all, Mr. Briggs was not a Webster Whig, or a fautor of the Fugitive Slave Act. So we will let him pass, and hope that he may judge Israel justly all the days of his life.

But all this is not violently to the purpose of Lebanon Springs, excepting that I had to pass Governor Briggs's house to get at them. The scenery on the road is singularly beautiful, as is the view from the piazza of the Hotel at which I write. But, as I never knew anybody yet that read descriptions of scenery, I will spare you any pen and ink sketches of mine. It is very fine, however, and well worth the little pains it costs now to see it. I went over to the Shaker Service this morning, at their village, some two miles distant. This, you know, is the Capital City—the Mecca, the Jerusalem, the Rome—of all Shakers everywhere. They are greatly increased in goods, it is said, and are very rich. Their cultivation of the soil is very thorough, and their cattle of the best description. The rigid neatness of their habits, personal and domestic, is well known. They are said to be fast absorbing all the land in the neighbourhood—much faster than the people hereabouts like. But as they always stand ready to offer a higher price for whatever land comes into the market than anybody else, I don't know what is to be done about it. Unless, indeed, the Sovereign People should rise in their majesty and help themselves to their houses and lands, as they have already done by those of the Van Rensselaer family. I should think quite as good a case might be made out against the Shakers as against the Indians, as soon as it becomes desirable to re-annex their estates. And, as the Shakers won't fight, it may be done much more conveniently and compendiously than in the case of our Red Brethren.

The Religious Service of the Shakers has been so often described that it is quite unnecessary to go over it again. I never feel any disposition to laugh at the religious ceremonies of any sect or people. The expression of the religious sentiment in any sincere way is to be respected, whether it be the prostration of the Mussulman, the Genuflexion of the Catholic, the Response of the Churchman, the bald simplicity of the Presbyterian, or the dancing of the Shakers. There is nothing ridiculous in any of these things if they express true devotion, and nothing solemn if they are known, by extrinsic evidence, to be false and hypocritical. For instance, what could be more absurd than to see Dr. Dewey, or Dr. Sharp, or Dr. Lord, or Dr. Spencer, or any of the other Slave-catching Divines, rise solemnly and say with extended arms, "Let us pray!" and then proceed to the usual formalities of penitential supplication and humble submission to the Divine Will, when you know all the time that they taught their people, last Sunday, or last year, that it was their religious duty to violate the Laws of God, provided a set of profligate scoundrels at Washington, in Congress assembled, had passed a law in contravention of them! Or, rather, what could be more absurd, were it not so impiously blasphemous! The Shakers may dance and sing, as their expression of prayer and praise, but they never taught that Slave-catching was part and parcel of Christianity. And it is my opinion that they will go up to their account justified rather than these others, whatever Castle Gardenites and Union Safety Committees may vouch in their behalf.

To change the subject, I am glad to see that those piratical Harpers are likely to be brought to justice and mulcted in a portion of their ill-gotten gains. The impudence of their appropriations of the productions of other people's labours is worthy of what Byron calls "a sea-attorney." Their black flag has been too long flaunting in the British seas, and I am glad to find that they have at last put in, by accident, into American waters, so as to come within our Admiralty jurisdiction. They well deserve all they can get, first, for their mean submission to Slaveholding Censorship and expurgating their books as orders come down from the South; secondly, for their attempt to debauch and deprave the youth of the Nation by their vicious and immoral Spelling. They have been trying to Websterize the American language, as the slave-catching parsons above referred to tried to Websterize the American Conscience. And, thirdly, for their piratical practices just mentioned. Slavery is by long and immeasurable degrees the greatest Curse of the Nation. But, a long way after that, I hold that Webster's Dictionary ranks high among our National Calamities. To think of a man spending near seventy years in trying to vulgarize and provincialize a noble tongue like the English! It is a dreadful thing to say of the worst of criminals—of the most abandoned of murderers even—but I really do think Noah Webster deserves the fate which befalls him in all foreign countries, viz, that of being confounded with Daniel!—D. Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR THE STANDARD,

From July 1 to Sept. 1.

676	R. Holland, New York City,	2 00
680	John Woodgate, "	2 00
680	Rueben Mosher, Galway, N. Y.	2 25
728	Miss Maria De Peyster, Staten Island,	2 00
676	Miss Martha Smith, Plainfield, Ct.	2 00
684	Dr. A. Brooke, Oakland, O.	1 00
696	Mehitable M. White, Marshfield, Mo.	50
702	Tappan Townsend, New York City,	1 00
696	David Campbell, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.	2 00
731	Joseph Savage, Syracuse, N. Y.	2 00
782	Fanny Smith, Peterboro, N. H.	2 00
708	C. Donaldson, New Richmond, O.	5 00
692	Joseph Ricketson, New Bedford, Mass.	2 00
734	B. D Smith, Macedon, N. Y.	5 00
702	Anna Whiting, Concord, Mass.	3 00
745	Lydia Cudworth, Farmington, N. Y.	4 00
710	Thomas Chandler, Adrian, Mich.	1 00
764	A. Weller, Skaneateles, N. Y.	2 00
722	Lois Gifford, Easton, "	4 00
720	John Wilbur, 2d, Galesville, N. Y.	2 00
722	Humphrey Wilbur, N. Easton, "	2 00
722	E. G. Peckham, Easton, "	2 00
724	Wm McDougal, Oswego, Pa.	4 00
729	H. W. Smith, New York City,	2 00
729	Thomas Henning, Toronto, C. W.	2 50
584	Thomas F. Donnell, Bath, Me.	2 00
684	Lewis Benedict, Lowell, Wis.	2 00
734	Sarah B. Stabler, Sandy Spring, Md.	2 00
789	Horace Duncan, Lyman, N. H.	11 93
722	Rev. Edgar Buckingham, Troy, N. Y.	2 00
676	Henry A. Howland, Providence, R. I.	2 00
712	Asa R. Lillie, " "	1 00
712	Hiram Bennett, " "	1 00
729	James Batcheller, Marlborough, N. H.	2 00
731	Miss Sarah Allen, Boston, Mass.	2 00
694	Rev. Wm. B. Greene, Brookfield, Mass.	1 00
680	Nathaniel Mulliken, Lexington, Mass.	2 00
739	Josias Gammell, East Lexington, Mass.	2 00
729	Ezekiel Wood, Uxbridge, Mass.	2 00
769	J. B. Roberts & Co., Milltown, N. Y.	2 00
686	Miss E. A. Cotton, Boston, Mass.	2 40
717	David Perry, Godwinville, N. J.	1 00
728	Judge Jay, Bedford, N. J.	2 00
578	Warren Hooper, Auburn, N. Y.	3 00
741	Dr. B. Wales, Liberty, N. Y.	2 00
715	Z. Ober, Newburg, Ohio,	1 00
687	Daniel Buxton, Jr., Danvers, Mass	2 25
676	Mrs. Marriott, Hudson, N. Y.	2 00
676	Mrs. Hyatt, "	2 00
741	Eliza W. Guilford, Cincinnati, O.	2 00
741	Henry Shreve, " "	2 00
741	Young Men's Library Mercantile Assoc.	2 00
	Cincinnati, Ohio,	2 00
741	Wm. F. Donaldson, St. Paul, Minnesota,	2 00
741	Wm. W. Austin, Richmond, Ind.	2 00
741	Daniel Roberts, Newport, Ind.	2 00
741	Samuel Heineken, Edinburgh, Ind.	2 00
741	Samuel Paul, Hopedale, O.	2 00
741	James K. Parker, New Richmond, O.	2 00
741	Isaac Riley, " "	2 00
741	John Porter, " "	2 00
741	Wm. Mitchell, " "	2 00
741	Mary Moore, " "	2 00
634	Daniel Pound, Prairie du Sac, Wis.	2 00
684	Solomon Pendegast, New Market, N. H.	5 00
714	Sherbert B. Titus, Meriden, N. H.	1 00
714	Lois H. Mason, Brookfield, Vt.	1 00
714	Royal Abbott, " "	1 00
714	Moses Perham, " "	1 00
714	Eli Stone, Williamston, "	1 00
714	Moses Parsons, " "	1 00
740	Ichabod Tucker, " "	2 00
740	S. M. Flint, Chelsea, "	2 00
740	G. K Bagley, " "	2 00
714	Wilder Dearborn, Chelsea, "	1 00
714	Emery Rice, " "	1 00
714	Calvin P. Baker, " "	1 00
714	Marvin Hibbard, Randolph, "	1 00
714	J. W. Martin, West Randolph, Vt.	7 00
714	C. B. Cummings, " "	1 00
740	Ellery Bicknell, Chelsea, "	2 00
703	Wm. S. George, Boston, Mass.	1 00
743	Benjamin Cummings, Fairlee, Vt.	2 00
717	C. H. Ring, Bradford,	1 04
717	R. R. Aldrich, "	1 00
716	E. W. McGuire, Havana, N. Y.	2 00
746	Nathan Page, Danversport, Mass.	2 00
680	Asa Fairbanks, Providence, R. I.	2 00
717	Mrs. Strong, Sullivan, O.	1 00
717	Mrs. Gould, "	1 00
		$181 88

DONATIONS TO AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

L. Wetmore, on account of pledges,	100 00
Lydia Cudworth, Farmington, N. Y.	20 00
Francis Jackson, Boston, Mass.	300 00
Henry A. Howland, Providence, R. I.	3 00
Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,	200 00
Robert Owen, Conewango,	5 00
	$628 00

RECAPITULATION.

Receipts for The Standard,	$181 88
Donations to Am. A. S. Society,	628 00
Total,	$809 88

JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.

At Syracuse, October 1, 1853—Second Anniversary.

The Second Anniversary of the Rescue of the man Jerry, from the hands of Kidnappers, at Syracuse, on the first day of October, 1851, will be duly celebrated in this city, on Saturday, the first day of October next.

The invitation is to all lovers of justice and kindness throughout the land. That Rescue was the most signal and emphatic vindication of the absolute supremacy of law that has ever occurred in America. Its beneficent influence, in awakening kind and genial sympathy in man for his fellow-man, enduring wrong unutterable, is beyond human computation. It is a bright star of hope to the oppressed in all the nations of the earth. It is the key-note to the Song of Universal Freedom. It is an exemplification—worthy of imitation on every spot on this broad earth—of the glorious American doctrine, that "*Resistance to Tyrants is obedience to God.*"

W. L. Crandal, Thomas W. White, Joseph Savage, Lydia Savage, J. W. Loguen, James Fuller, Eliza Filkins, *Committee.*

Syracuse, August 15, 1853.

The Fifth Worcester Anti-Slavery Bazaar

WILL BE HELD IN BRINLEY HALL!

Cattle Show Week, September, 1853.

We would earnestly invite all who have each year co-operated with us to the renewed effort in the great cause of humanity, and the hitherto indifferent to a more faithful investigation of its claims. None can remain passive in this matter. Every day we are called to make our election between apparent self-interest and the slave's interest—between love of the world's good opinion and hatred of oppression. So long as the great wrong continues, so long are we all helping others to forget its iniquity, to tolerate its cruelty, or helping them to feel its sin, and to undo its heavy burthen. Fairs are not merely available for the raising of funds, but as a means of awakening public attention, as meetings for the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth, and the discussion of Anti-Slavery principles, they have proved most valuable and efficient. We ask, then, aid from all who themselves love "life, liberty, and happiness," and who would help their brothers to the same birthright. We would send our appeal throughout the country to all our faithful fellow-labourers, reminding them that contributions of Needlework, of useful and fancy articles, will be gladly received. The Refreshment Table must depend, as formerly, upon donations, which we hope will be various and abundant.

Sarah H. Earle, Emily Sargent, Lucy Chase, Hannah Rice, Adeline H. Howland, Eliza N. Stowell, Olive Loveland, Hannah M. Rogers, Sarah L. Butman, Abby W. Wyman, Mary Channing Higginson, *Worcester;* Sarah R. Mary, *Leicester;* Emma W. Wyman, *Dedham;* Mary E. Hodges, *Barre;* Frances H. Drake, *Leominster;* Polly D. Bradish, *Upton;* Catherine S. Brown, *Hubbardston;* Maria P. Fairbanks, *Millville;* Nancy B. Hill, *Blackstone;* Abby B. Hussey, *Lancaster;* Louisa F. Hall, *Upton;* Susan B. Everett, Eliza Howe, *Princeton.*

Worcester Anti-Slavery Bazaar will open on TUESDAY, Sept. 20, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue open until Saturday 24th, that being the week of the annual Horticultural and Agricultural Shows. There will be *speaking* at the Bazaar on each evening after the first, in which Mr. Garrison, Rev. A. T. Foss, and others, are expected to take a part.

TWENTIETH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

To be held in Boston, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1853.

The Managers of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, in once more addressing their friends and fellow-labourers, for the purpose of entreating a warmer sympathy and a more effective co operation in their proposed movement, beg leave to submit a few suggestions which they trust may have a tendency to produce that result.

Twenty years have passed away since the first Fair to aid in the Abolition of American Slavery was held in the City of Boston. Twenty years of labour and effort, and still we remain a slaveholding nation, our first word of repentance in a national capacity yet to be uttered, our first work of mercy yet to be done. But have these labours and efforts, of which we may, properly enough, just now, consider this Bazaar an exponent, accomplished nothing? Only the childishly thoughtless or the wilfully false can venture to reply in the negative.

The battle has not been won; it has not even been fought; but the outposts have been carried, and the field, with its embattled hosts, lies plainly before us. Massacre of the Masters, slaves contented and happy, amalgamation of Races, Colonisation, and similar fallacies—these are the refuges of lies which the Abolitionists have swept away, and the issue between them and their opponents is narrowed to the simple question of material success and self-interest. The creed of the Pro-Slavery party is expressed in two lines,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The blood-cemented prosperity which should be its shame, is coolly adduced, in argument, as ample justification for continuance in crime.

Hence, no talk of *Gradualism* now obstructs our way. Kindly propositions in its behalf, from distant friends of the slave, ignorant of the essential diabolism which is the animating spirit of the Slave institution of this country, meet, from the Slaveholding South and Pro-Slavery North alike, as bitter and unscrupulous an opposition as was ever meted out to the most energetic demand ever made for Immediate Abolition. The slaveholders understand perfectly that the concessions of marriage, family ties, the Bible, are, in effect, emancipation. They have never been granted where men were held as property, for the very good reason that any such concession lays the axe to the root of so audacious and abominable a claim.

So many sophistries and fallacies being removed, the Abolitionists then may congratulate themselves that they are now in direct collision with the consciences and hearts of the people. In many respects, their chance of success is better than ever before. Another generation is entering upon the duties and responsibilities of life, who, however thoughtless and indifferent to the great question of their age, are not and cannot be as were their fathers when it first met *them*, "in darkness that might be felt," and cased in such armour of prejudice, that Truth herself might well nigh deem them invincible.

The leaders, too, of the Pro-Slavery hosts, alike in the State and the Church, are, day by day, called from their unholy warfare to give their account for the deeds done in the body, and, mercifully, to a very considerable extent, their inhuman influence dies with them. Men may mourn when the confessors of Truth and Mercy depart, but their mantles fall on others; but when the Statesmen who have voted for, and the Ministers who have preached for, the Fugitive Slave Bill, are summoned hence, a crowd of the weak and wavering, who would not have been so base and cruel but for the influence of a firmer and superior mind, breathe freer, are measurably released from their thraldom and rendered accessible to better influences.

The signs of the times abroad as well as at home offer tokens of encouragement. In foreign lands, an agitation has been aroused which will never, we trust, again slumber. Christendom owes it to the name by which it is called to rally on this question. There has never been so vast a one submitted to its consideration; but, God be thanked, its simplicity is equal to its magnitude, and Monarchist and Republican, Catholic and Protestant, nay, though we have spoken of Christendom, Heathendom itself may see written, as with letters of light, on the Heavens, that it is indeed "a wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man," and doubly wild and doubly guilty when this phantasy controls the sentiment and shapes the action of a great and self-governing nation.

Apart from these and other general causes of encouragement, the Managers of the Bazaar, and those co-operating with them, may find special stimulus to exertion in the fact that the present arrangements of the American Anti-Slavery Society are such as to render an increased success of this undertaking more desirable, we might almost say imperative, than ever before.

The Receipts of the Bazaar are devoted to the sustentation of the Parent Society and its organ, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, in the City of New York. There, in the very focus of pro-slavery opposition, a banner in behalf of the perishing slave has been raised, and its triumph will be in some measure commensurate with the supplies that this movement may be enabled to furnish.

The details of the Bazaar are so well understood that we feel any particular specifications unnecessary.

We cordially invite the assistance of every lover of Freedom, pledging ourselves to all such for a conscientious fulfilment of all the duties that our present position imposes on us.

Donations of any kind, either in manufactured articles, materials for manufacture or money, will be gratefully received by any of the Managers whose names and addresses are subjoined, or any further information that may be requested will be cheerfully given.

Anne Warren Weston, Weymouth, Mass.
Ann Greene Phillips, Essex street, Boston.
Helen E. Garrison, 8 Dix Place, Boston.
Louisa Loring, 27 State street, Boston.
Mary May, 4 Franklin Place, Boston.
Sarah Russell May, Leicester, Mass.
Maria Weston Chapman, care of Messrs. Green & Co., Paris, France.
Caroline Weston, " "
Mary Gray Chapman.
Henrietta Sargent, 156 Tremont street, Boston.
Frances Mary Robbins, Brush Hill, Milton.
Eliza Lee Follen.
Susan C. Cabot.
Thankful Southwick, Danvers, Mass.
Sarah H. Southwick, Portland, Maine.
Caroline F. Williams, 75 Southac street, Boston.
Mary H. Jackson, 1071 Washington street, Boston.
Elizabeth Gay, 142 Nassau street, New York.
Charlotte S. Sargent, 70 Dover street, Boston.
Sarah S. Russell, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Mass.
Sarah Blake Shaw.
Eliza F. Eddy, 7 Hollis street, Boston.
E. C. Von Arnim, 18 South street, Boston.
Mary Willey.
Evelina A. S. Smith, Harrison Square, Dorchester, Mass.
Ann Rebecca Bramhall, 47 Milk street, Boston.
Lydia Parker, Exeter Place, Boston.
Maria Lowell, Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass.
Abby Francis, " "

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No reader who cherishes an interest in the progress of social reform, or of mental development in general, should neglect perusing these instructive volumes.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.

It has been well said, that there is no living American statesman whose works embody so much that will fix and reward the attention of the student, the statesman, and the philanthropist, as those of Governor Seward.

From the Yates County Whig.

J. S. Redfield, of New York, has brought out a fine edition of the works of this distinguished statesman. Few men of the age of Mr. Seward have said and written so much, especially concerning national and political affairs, which is so uniformly worthy of preservation as an acquisition to the literature and history of the country. His speeches are all able and excellent, and worthy of profound study. His official papers and correspondence are irradiated by statesman-like thought, as well as varied learning and careful research. These works by themselves embrace almost a complete history of the times to which they belong. They are issued in a style which does especial credit to the publisher. The editor, Mr. George E. Baker, has executed his task with fidelity and accuracy. Few works of the kind are at once so readable and instructive. They should find a place in many choice libraries.

From the Hartford (Ct.) Republican.

Typographically, these volumes are equal to anything ever issued from the American press. The paper is beautiful, the type clear and pleasant, and the binding at once agreeable to the eye and sufficiently substantial for every-day use. The volumes are edited with excellent judgment, taste and skill, and will find their way into every library in the country. We think that many of the readers of these volumes will be surprised to find that Mr. Seward is so little of a political partisan. He will be remembered for his many noble deeds—his name will never die.

From the Morning Herald, Utica.

The publisher has clothed the substance of this edition of Mr. Seward's works elegantly. The type is plain and neat, the paper fine and white, the binding tasteful and durable, and each volume is ornamented with an engraving; the first a life-like portrait of Mr. Seward, the second a view of his birth-place, and the third a very correct representation of his present residence.

From the National Era.

The works before us, in three large volumes, containing in the aggregate near two thousand pages, give evidence of great industry, thorough investigation, patient and laborious thought, excellent scholarship, and a wide range of ideas. Portions of his official correspondence while Governor of New York; some of his speeches in the senate of New York; some of his forensic arguments; and nearly all his elaborate speeches in the senate of the United States, possess an interest and value independent of time and place.

JUVENILE ANTI-SLAVERY LITERATURE

We propose to publish, should the enterprise meet with sufficient encouragement, a series of books for Children, to be comprised in twelve books, each independent of the other, on subjects connected with the Anti-Slavery discussion. Let us instil into the youthful mind correct sentiments on this great question, and we shall soon have a generation of men and women who will do their duty. These works will be elegantly printed and illustrated, and made attractive for children. To be sold at 12½ cents each.

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BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

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With truth he may be called the HOWARD OF AMERICA. Mrs. Child having spent several years in his family, and being perfectly familiar with his history, of all others, was the person to write "A TRUE LIFE" of the noble man, and her task has been performed in her best manner.

"A True Life" *indeed* was the life of ISAAC T. HOPPER, and Mrs. Child has presented it *truly.* Scarcely a citizen of Philadelphia or New York but was familiar with his form and features, as he was seen from day to day tripping through the great thoroughfares and threading the narrow lanes and by-ways, searching out the wayward and the wandering, that he might rescue them from crime and degradation, and administer comfort and solace and heavenly charities to the distressed and suffering. The poor, hunted, fugitive slave found in him a friend ever ready and never weary.

We intend to publish this work early in August. It will make an elegant 12mo. of about 500 pages, with a full length portrait and a medallion likeness, on steel, of Mr. Hopper. Retail price, $1.25, bound in cloth.

At the time of the death of the venerable and excellent man, numerous notices appeared in papers of all parties and sects. We make a few extracts:

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

Most of our readers will call to mind, in connection with the name of Isaac T. Hopper, the compact, well-knit figure of a Quaker gentleman, apparently about sixty years of age, dressed in drab or brown clothes of the plainest cut, and bearing on his handsome, manly face the impress of that benevolence with which his whole heart was filled.

He was twenty years older than he seemed. The fountain of benevolence within freshened his old age with its continuous flow. The step of the octogenarian was elastic as that of a boy; his form erect as the mountain pine.

His whole physiqeu was a splendid sample of nature's handiwork. We see him now with our "mind's eye;" but with the eye of flesh we shall see him no more. Void of intentional offence to God or man, his spirit has joined its happy kindred in a world where there is neither sorrow nor perplexity.

From the New York Observer.

The venerable Isaac T. Hopper, whose placid, benevolent face has so long irradiated almost every public meeting for doing good, and whose name, influence and labours have been devoted with an apostolic simplicity and constancy to humanity, died on Friday last, at an advanced age. He was a Quaker of that early sort illustrated by such philanthropists as Anthony Benezet, Thomas Clarkson, Mrs. Fry, and the like.

He was a most self-denying, patient, loving friend of the poor, and the suffering of every kind; and his life was an unbroken history of beneficence. Thousands of hearts will feel a touch of grief at the news of his death; for few men have so large a wealth in the blessings of the poor, and the grateful remembrance of kindness and benevolence, as he.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Isaac T. Hopper was a man of remarkable endowments, both of head and heart. His clear discrimination, his unconquerable will, his total unconsciousness of fear, his extraordinary tact in circumventing plans he wished to frustrate, would have made him illustrious as the general of an army; and these qualities might have become faults if they had not been balanced by an unusual degree of conscientiousness and benevolence. He battled courageously, not from ambition, but from an inborn love of truth. He circumvented as adroitly as the most practised politician; but it was always to defeat the plans of those who oppressed God's poor—never to advance his own self-interest.

Farewell, thou brave and kind old Friend! The prayers of ransomed ones ascended to Heaven for thee, and a glorious company have welcomed thee to the Eternal City.

On a plain block of granite, at Greenwood Cemetery, is inscribed:

ISAAC T. HOPPER,
BORN DECEMBER 3D, 1771,
ENDED HIS PILGRIMAGE MAY 7TH, 1852.

"Thou henceforth shalt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy seal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind."

We shall publish 5,000 copies for the first edition. Early orders from the trade are solicited. It is a book which will have an immense sale, scarcely inferior to the sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin, for in thrilling interest it is not behind that world-renowned tale.

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The Narrative of Solomon Northup, a citizen of New York, kidnapped in Washington City in 1831, and rescued from a Cotton Plantation near the Red River, in Louisiana.

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The narrative will be read with interest by every one who can sympathize with a human being struggling for freedom.—*Buff. Cour.*

The volume cannot fail to gain a wide circulation. It will be read extensively both at the North and South. No one can contemplate the scenes which are here so naturally set forth, without a new conviction of the hideousness of the institutions from which the subject of the narrative has happily escaped.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

What a tale it tells; what inexpressible reproofs against Slavery; what occasion for shame and tears on the part of all. We think the story as affecting as any tale of sorrow could be. We believe its perusal will not only excite an absorbing interest, but minister powerfully to the sound, intelligent Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Next to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' the extraordinary Narrative of Solomon Northup, is the most remarkable book that was ever issued from the American Press. Indeed it is even a more extraordinary work than that, because it is only a simple unvarnished tale of the experience of an American freeman of the "blessings" of Slavery, while Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom is only an ingenious and powerful wrought novel, intended to illustrate what Solomon saw and experienced Southern Slavery in its various phases.—*Detroit Trib.*

We hope it will be universally read. If we do not sadly err, it will prove of vast service in the great cause of Freedom. If there are those who can peruse it unmoved we pity them. That it will create as great a sensation, and be regarded equally as interesting as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' is not a question for argument. In our opinion it will lead that wonderful work in the popular opinion, and in the aggregate of sales.—*Buff. Express.*

This is one of the most exciting narratives, full of thrilling incidents artlessly told, with all the marks of truth. Such a tale is more powerful than any fiction which can be conceived and elaborated. There are no depicted scenes in Uncle Tom more tragic, horrible, and pathetic, than the incidents compassed in the twelve years of this man's life in Slavery.—*Cin. Jour.*

He who with an unbiassed mind sits down to the perusal of this book, will arise perfectly satisfied that American Slavery is a hell of torments yet untold, and feel like devoting the energies of his life to its extirpation from the face of God's beautiful earth.—*Eve. Chron.*

It is one of the most effective books against Slavery that ever was written. 'Archy Moore' and 'Uncle Tom' are discredited by many as 'romances;' but how the apologists for the institution can dispose of Northup we are curious to see—*Syracuse Jour.*

It is a strange history, its truth is far stronger than fiction. Think of it! For thirty years *a man*, with all a man's hopes, fears and aspirations—with a wife and children to call him by the endearing names of husband and father—with a home, humble it may be, but still a *home*, beneath the shelter of whose roof none had a right to molest or make him afraid—then for twelve years *a thing*, a chattel personal, classed with mules and horses and treated with less consideration than they, torn from his home and family, and the free labour by which he earned their bread, and driven to unremitting, unrequited toil in a cotton field, under a burning southern sun, by the lash of an inhuman master. Oh! it is horrible. It chills the blood to think that such are.—*Fred. Douglass's Paper.*

It comes before us with highly respectable vouchers, and is a plain and simple statement of what happened to the author while in bondage to southern masters. While we concede to the South all the privileges in respect to Slavery which are guaranteed to them by the constitution we are free to speak of its evils; and when particular instances of inhuman treatment of slaves come to our notice we shall remark upon them as we please. It is a well told story, full of interest, and may be said to be the reality of 'life among the lowly.'—*Buff Com. Adv.*

Let it be read by all those good easy souls, who think Slavery is, on the whole, a good thing. Let it be read by all who think that although Slavery is politically and economically a bad thing, it is not very bad for the slaves. Let it be read by all those M. C.'s and supporters who are always ready to give their votes, in aid of Slavery and the slave trade with all the kidnapping inseparable from it. Let it be read, too, by our southern friends, who pity with so much christian sensibility, the wretched condition of the free negroes at the North, and rejoice at the enviable condition of their own slaves.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Published by DERBY & MILLER, Auburn, N. Y.
DERBY, ORTON & MULLIGAN, Buffalo.

Copies sent by mail (*post paid*) on receipt of price. Publishers of Newspapers, giving the above one insertion previous to January, 1854, will be furnished with a copy, postage paid, on forwarding their paper (*marked*) to
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Miscellaneous Department.

STORY OF A BRILLIANT LITERARY ADVENTURER.

[The hero of the following narrative, taken from Francis's newly-published "Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends: a Chronicle of Life Assurance," has already been introduced to the reading world in "Talford's Letters and Memorials of Lamb." His life is a curious study of character, in the relation which may exist between certain forms of literary and artistical refinment, and the darkest moral criminality.] —*Literary World.*

In 1830, two ladies, both young and both attractive, were in the habit of visiting various offices, with proposals to insure the life of the younger and unmarried one. The visits of these persons became at last a somewhat pleasing feature in the monotony of business, and were often made a topic of conversation. No sooner was a policy effected with one company, than a visit was paid to another, with the same purpose. From the Hope to the Provident, from the Alliance to the Pelican, and from the Eagle to the Imperial, did these strange visitors pass almost daily. Surprise was naturally excited at two of the gentler sex appearing so often alone in places of business resort, and it was a nine days' wonder.

Behind the curtain, and rarely appearing as an actor, was one who, to the literary reader versed in the periodical productions of thirty years ago, will be familiar under the name of Janus Weathercock; while, to the student of our criminal annals, a name will be recalled which is only to be remembered as an omen of evil. The former will be reminded of the *London Magazine*, when Elia and Barry Cornwall were conspicuous in its pages, and where Hazlitt, with Allan Cunningham, added to it attractions. But with these names it will recall to them also the face and form of one with the craft and form of a serpent; of one too who, if he broke not into "the bloody house of life," has been singularly wronged. The writings of this man in the above periodical were very characteristic of his nature; and under the *nom de guerre* of Janus Weathercock, Thomas Griffith Wainwright wrote with a fluent, pleasant, egotistical coxcombry, which was then new to English literature, a series of papers on arts and artists. An *habitue* of the opera and a fastidious critic of the *ballet*, a mover amongst the most fashionable crowds into which he could make his way, a lounger in the parks, and the foremost among the visitors at our pictorial exhibitions, the fine person and superfine manners of Wainwright were ever prominent. The articles which he penned for the *London*, were lovingly illustrative of self and its enjoyments. He adorned his writings with descriptions of his appearance; and—an artist of no mean ability himself—sketched bodily and graphically "drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate;" and, while he idolized his own, he depreciated the productions of others. This self-styled fashionist appears to have created a sensation in the circle where he adventured. His good-natured, though 'pretentious' manner; his handsome, though sinister countenance; even his braided surtout, his gay attire, and semi-military aspect, made him a favourite. 'Kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock.' wrote Charles Lamb. No one new anything of his previous life. He was said to have been in the army. It was whispered that he had spent more than one fortune; and an air of mystery, which he well knew how to assume, magnified him into a hero. About 1825, he ceased to contribute to the magazine; and from this period, the man whose writings were replete with an intense luxurious enjoyment—whose organization was so exquisite, that his love of the beautiful became a passion, and whose mind was a significant union of the ideal with the voluptuous—was dogged in his footsteps by death. It was death to stand in his path—it was death to be his friend—it was death to occupy the very house with him. Well might his associates join in that portion of our litany which prays to be delivered "from battle, from murder, and from *sudden death*," for sudden death was ever by his side.

In 1829, Wainwright went with his wife to visit his uncle, by whose bounty he had been educated, and from whom he had expectancies. His uncle died after a brief illness, and Wainwright inherited his property. Nor was he long in expending it. A further supply was needed; and Helen Frances Phœbe Abercrombie, with her sister Madeline, step-sisters to his wife, came to reside with Wainwright; it being soon after this that those extraordinary visits were made at the various life offices, to which allusion has been made. On the 28th March, 1830, Mrs. Wainwright, with her step-sister, made their first appearance at an insurance office, the Palladium; and, by the 20th April, a policy was opened on the life of Helen Frances Phœbe Abercrombie, a "buxom, handsome girl of one-and-twenty," for £3,000 for three years only. About the same time, a further premium was paid for an insurance with another office, also for £3,000, but for only two years. The Provident, the Pelican, the Hope, the Imperial, were soon similarly favoured; and in six months from granting the first policy, £12,000 more had been insured on the life of the same person, and still for only two years. But £18,000 was not enough for "kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock;" £2,000 more was proposed to the Eagle, £5,000 to the Globe, and £5,000 to the Alliance; all of whom however had learned wisdom. At the Globe, Miss Abercrombie professed scarcely to know why she insured; telling a palpable and foolish falsehood, by saying that she had applied to no other office. At the Alliance, the secretary took her to a private room, asking such pertinent and close questions, that she grew irritated, and said she supposed her health, and not her reasons for insuring, was most important. Mr. Hamilton then gave her the outline of a case in which a young lady had met with a violent death for the sake of the insurance money. "There is no one," she said in reply, "likely to murder me for the sake of my money." No more assurances, however, being accepted, the visits which had so often relieved the tedium of official routine, ceased to be paid. These applications being unsuccessful, there remained £18,000 dependent on the life of Helen Abercrombie.

In the meantime, Wainwright's affairs waxed desperate, and the man grew familiar with crime. Some stock had been vested in the names of trustees in the books of the Bank of England, the interest only of which was receivable by himself and his wife; and, determined to possess part of the principal, he imitated the names of the trustees to a power of attorney. This was too successful not to be improved on; and five successive similar deeds, forged by Wainwright, proved his utter disregard to moral restraint. But, this money was soon spent, till everything which he possessed, to the very furniture of his house, became pledged; and he took furnished apartment in Conduit street for himself, his wife, and his sisters-in-law. Immediately after this, Miss Abercrombie, on pretence or plea that she was going abroad, made her will in favour of her sister Madeline, appointing Wainwright sole executor, by which, in the event of her death, he would have the entire control of all she might leave. She then procured a form of assignment from the Palladium, and made over the policy in that office to her brother-in-law. Whether she really meant to travel or not is uncertain; it is possible however, that this might have been part of the plan, and that Wainwright hoped, with forged papers and documents, to prove her demise while she was still living, for it was difficult to comprehend why she should have voluntarily stated she was going abroad, unless she really meant to do so. In this there is a gleam of light on Wainwright's character, who, when he first insured the life of Miss Abercrombie, might have meant to treat the offices with a 'fraudulent,' and not a positive death. Whatever her *role* in this tragic drama, however, it was soon played. On the night which followed the assignment of her policy, she went with her brother and sister-in-law to the theatre. The evening proved wet; but they walked home together, and partook of lobsters or oysters and porter for supper. That night she was taken ill. In a day or two Dr. Locock attended her. He attributed the indisposition to a mere stomach derangement, and gave some simple remedies, no serious apprehension being entertained by him. On the 14th December, she had completed her will, and assigned her property. On the 21st she died. On that day she had partaken of a powder which Dr. Locock did not remember prescribing; and when Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright—who had left her with the intention of taking a long walk—returned, they found that she was dead. The body was examined; but there was no reason to attribute the death to any other cause than pressure on the brain, which obviously produced it.

Mr. Wainwright was now in a position to demand £18,000 from the various offices, but the claim was resisted; and being called on to prove an insurable interest, he left England. In 1835, he commenced an action against the Imperial. The reason for resisting payment was the alleged ground of deception; but the counsel went further; and so tearful were the allegations on which he rested his defence, that the jury were almost petrified, and the judge shrunk aghast from the implicated crime. The former seperated, unable to agree; while the latter said, a criminal, and not a civil court, should have been the theatre of such a charge. In the following December, the company gained a verdict; and as the forgery on the Bank of England had been discovered, Wainwright, afraid of apprehension, remained in France. Here his adventures are unknown. At Boulogne he lived with an English officer; and while he resided there, his host's life was insured by him in the Pelican for £5,000. One premium only was paid, the officer dying in a few months after the insurance was effected. Wainwright then left Boulogne, passed through France under a feigned name, was apprehended by the French police; and that fearful poison known as strychnine being found in his possession, he was confined at Paris for six months.

After his release he ventured to London, intending to remain only forty-eight hours. In an hotel near Covent Garden he drew down the blind and fancied himself safe. But for one fatal moment he forgot his habitual craft. A noise in the street startled him: incautiously he went to the window and drew back the blind. At the very moment, "a person passing by" caught a glimpse of his countenance, and exclaimed, "That's Wainwright, the Bank forger." Immediate information was given to Forrester; he was soon apprehended, and his position became fearful enough. The difficulty which then arose was, whether the insurance offices should prosecute him. for attempted fraud, whether the yet more terrible charge in connexion with Helen Abercrombie should be opened, or whether advantage should be taken of his forgery on the Bank to procure his expatriation for life. A consultation held by those interested, the Home Secretary was apprised of the question, the opinions of the law-officers of the crown were taken, and the result was that, under the circumstances, it would be advisable to try him for the forgery only. This plan was carried out, the capital punishment was foregone, and when found guilty, he was condemned to transportation for life.

The career of Wainwright is instructive. From the time that he quitted the simple rule of right, he wandered over the world under influences too fearful to detail; and he died in a hospital at Sydney under circumstances too painful to be recapitulated.

A CAROL ON CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

Come, all you British females of wealth and high degree,
Bestowing all your charity on lands beyond the sea,
I'll point you out a pattern, which a better plan will teach,
Than that of sending missioners to Timbuctoo to preach.

Converting of the heathen's a very proper view,
By preaching true religion to Pagan and to Jew,
And bringing over cannibals to Christian meat and bread—
Unless they catch your parson first, and eat him up instead.

But what's more edifying to see, a pretty deal,
Is hearty British labourers partaking of a meal,
With wives, and lots of children, about their knees that climb,
And having tucked their platefuls in, get helped another time.

Beyond the roaring ocean, beneath the soil we tread,
You've English men and women, well housed and clothed and fed,
Who but for help and guidance to leave our crowded shores,
Would now be stealing, begging, or lie starving at our doors.

Who taught them self-reliance, and stirred them to combine,
And club their means together, to get across the brine,
Instead of strikes, and mischief, and breaking of the law,
And wasting time in hearing incendiaries jaw?

Who led their expeditions? and under whose command
Through dangers and through hardships sought they the promised land?
A second Moses, surely, it was who did it all,
It was a second Moses in bonnet and in shawl.

By means of one good lady were all these wonders wrought,
By Caroline Chisholm's energy, benevolence, and thought;
Instead of making here and there a convert of a Turk,
She has made idle multitudes turn fruitfully to work.

The ragged pauper crawling towards a parish grave
She roused—directed to a home beyond the western wave;
Smoothed his weary passage across the troubled deep,
With food and air, and decencies of ship-room and of sleep.

There's many a wife and mother will bless that lady's name;
Embracing a fat infant, who might else have drowned the same,
A mother, yet no wife, compelled by poverty to sin,
And die in jail or hospital of misery and gin.

The Reverend Ebenezer, I'd not deny his dues,
For saving Patagonians, Bosjesmen. and Zooloos;
But Mrs. Chisholm's mission is what I far prefer;
For saving British natives I'd give the palm to her.

And now that a subscription is opened and begun,
In order to acknowledge the good that she has done
Among that sort of natives—the most important tribe—
Come down like handsome people, and handsomely subscribe.

—*Punch.*

FUNERALS OF FRIENDS.

The members of this Society, in the infancy of it (says Thomas Clarkson), were buried in their gardens or orchards, or in the fields and premises of one another. They had, at that time. no grave-yards of their own. And they refused to be buried in those of the church, lest they should thus acknowledge the validity of a human appointment of the priesthood, the propriety of payment for gospel-labour, and the peculiar holiness of consecrated ground. This refusal to be buried within the precincts of the church was considered as the bearing of their testimony for the Truth. In process of time, they raised their own meeting-houses, and had their respective burying-places. These were not always contiguous, but sometimes at a distance from one another.

Friends have no sepulchres, or arched vaults under-ground, for the reception of their dead. There have been here and there vaults, and there are here and there graves with sides of brick; but the coffins containing their bodies are usually committed to the dust.

I may observe, also, that Friends are sometimes buried near their relations, but more frequently otherwise. In places where their population is thin, and the burial-ground large, a relation is buried next to a relation, if it be desired. In other places, however, the graves are usually dug in rows, and the bodies deposited in them, not as their relations lie, but as they happen to be opened in succession, without any attention to family connections. When the first grave in the row is opened and filled, the person who dies next is put into that which is next to it; and the person who dies next, occupies that which is next to the second. By this process, a small piece of ground will be longer in filling, no room being lost, and the danger and disagreeable necessity of opening graves before the bodies in them are decayed is avoided. It is to many an endearing thought that they shall lie after their death near the remains of those whom they loved in life. But Friends, in general, have not thought it right or wise to indulge such feelings. They believe that all good men, however their bodies may be separated in their subterraneous houses of clay, will assuredly meet at the resurrection of the just.

They reject also the fashions of the world. in the use of tomb-stones and monumental inscriptions. These are generally supposed to be erected out of respect to the memory or character of the deceased. Friends, however, are of opinion, that this is not the proper manner of honouring the dead. If you wish to honour a good man, who has departed this life, let all his good actions live in your memory. Let them live in your grateful love and esteem. So cherish them in your heart, that they may constantly awaken you to imitation. Thus you will show, by your adoption of his amiable example, that you really respect his memory. This is also that tribute which, if he himself could be asked in the other world how he would have his memory respected in this, he would prefer to any description of his virtues, that might be given by the ablest writer, or handed down to posterity by the ablest monument of the sculptor's art.

But they have an objection to the use of tombstones, and monumental inscriptions, for other reasons. For, where pillars of marble, abounding with panegyric and decorated in a splendid manner, are erected to the ashes of dead men, there is a danger lest, by making too much of these, a superstitious awe should be produced, and a superstitious veneration should attach to them. The early Christians, by making too much of the relics of the saints or pious men, fell into such errors.

Friends believe, again, that, if they were to allow the custom of these outward monuments to obtain among them, they might be often led, as the world are, and by the same causes, to a deviation from the truth. For it is in human nature to praise those whom we love, but more particularly when we have lost them. Hence we find often such extravagant encomiums upon the dead, that, if it were possible for these to be made acquainted with them, they would show their disapprobation of such records. Hence we find, also, that as "false as an epitaph" has been a proverbial expresion.

But even in the case where nothing more is said upon the tomb-stone than what Moses said of Seth, and of Enos, and of Cainan, and others, when he reckoned up the genealogy of Adam, namely, that "they lived and that they died," Friends do not approve of such memorials. For these convey no merit of the deceased, by which his example should be followed. They convey no lesson of morality; and, in general, they are not particularly useful. They may serve, perhaps, to point out to surviving relations the place where the body of the deceased was buried, so that they may know where to mark out the line for their own graves. But as the members of this Society have in general overcome the prejudice of "sleeping with their fathers," such memorials cannot be useful to them.*

Friends have no objection, however, if a man has conducted himself particularly well in life, that a true statement should be made concerning him, provided such a statement would operate as a lesson of morality to others; but they think that the tomb-stone is not the best medium of conveying it. They are persuaded that very little moral advantage is derived to the cursory readers of epitaphs, and that they can trace no improvement in morals to this source. Sensible, however, that the memorials of good men may be made serviceable to the rising generation ("and there are no ideas," says Addison, "which strike more forcibly on our imaginations than those which are raised from reflections upon the exits of great and excellent men"), they are willing to receive accounts of the lives, deaths, and remarkable saying of those ministers in their own Society, who have been eminent for their labours. These are drawn up by individuals, and presented to the monthly meetings to which the deceased belonged. But here they must undergo an examination before they are passed. The truth of the statement and the utility of the record must appear. It then falls to the quarterly meetings to examine them again; and these may alter, or pass, or reject them, as it may appear to be most proper. If these should pass them, they are forwarded to the yearly meeting. Many of them, after this, are printed; and, finding their way into the book-cases of Friends, they become collected lessons of morality, and operate as incitements to piety to the rising youth. Thus, the memorials of men are made useful by the Society, in an unobjectionable manner; for the falsehood and flattery of epitaphs are thus avoided, none but good men having been selected, whose virtues, if they are recorded, can be perpetuated with truth.

Mourning Garments.—As Friends neither allow of the tomb-stones nor the monumental inscriptions, so they do not allow of the mourning garments of the world.

They believe there can be no true sorrow but in the heart, and that there can be no other true outward way of showing it than by fulfilling the desires, and by imitating the best actions of those whom men have lost and loved. "The mourning," says William Penn, "which it is fit for a Christian to have on the departure of beloved relations and friends, should be worn in the mind, which is only sensible of the loss. And the love which men have had to these, and their remembrance of them, should be outwardly expressed by a respect to their advice, and care of those they have left behind them, and their love of that which they loved."

But mourning garments, Friends contend, are only the *emblems* of sorrow. They will, therefore, frequently be used where no sorrow is. Many persons follow their deceased relatives to the grave, whose death, in point of gain, is a matter of real joy; witness young spendthrifts, who have been raising sum after sum on expectation, and calculating with voracious anxiety the probable duration of their relations' lives; and yet all these follow the corpse to the grave with white handkerchiefs, mourning habits, dangling hat-bands, &c. Mourning garments, therefore, frequently make men pretend to be what they are not. But no true or consistent Christian can exhibit an outward appearance to the world, which his inward feelings do not justify.

It is not contended here by Friends that, because a man becomes occasionally a hypocrite, this is a sufficient objection against any system: for a man may be an atheist, even in a Friend's garb. Nor is it insinuated that individuals do not sometimes feel in their hearts the sorrow which they propose to signify by their clothing. But it is asserted to be true that men, who use mourning habits as they are generally used, do not wear them for those deceased persons only whom they loved, and abstain from the use of them where they had no esteem, but that they wear them promiscuously, on all the occasions which have been dictated by fashion. Mourning habits, therefore, in consequence of a long system of etiquette, have become, in the opinion of the Society, but little better than disguised pomp, or fashionable forms.—*British Friend.*

* It may be proper here to observe, by way of information to the reader, that the Yearly Meeting in 1850, in consequence of receiving a proposition from Norfolk on the subject of grave-stones, issued the following minute:

"This meeting has been engaged in a serious and deliberate consideration of the minutes of 1717 and 1766 in the *Rules of Discipline*, under the head "Grave-stones," and is renewedly of the judgment that our religious Society has a sound and Christian testimony to bear against the erection of monuments, or inscriptions of a eulogistic character, over the remains of its deceased members. Nevertheless, this meeting is of the opinion that a plain flat stone, placed horizontally over the graves in our burial-grounds, the inscription on which shall be restricted to the name, and age, and date of the deceased, is no violation of this testimony; the design of placing these stones being simply to indicate the place of interment, and to prevent the graves from being prematurely re-opened.

"Monthly Meetings are therefore left at liberty to adopt the use of such stones in the burial-grounds under their care, it being distinctly understood that the stones are to be provided at the cost of, and laid down by, the Monthly Meeting, and not to be subjected to the interference of any individual whatever, that so uniformity of appearance may be maintained in that place where 'the rich and the poor meet together.'"

This minute, though permissive, rather than obligatory in its character, has yet been so little united with by Friends in general, that very few instances have occurred, it is believed, where its provisions have been acted out; a satisfactory indication to how large an extent the *original* practice of the Society is adhered to.—Eds. *British Friend.*

THE SCULPTOR GREENOUGH.

The publication of Tuckerman's charming book about Greenough, which your notice a few evenings since led me to read, has reminded me of a *jeu d'esprit* which he handed me the very last time I saw him, and shortly before his final departure for Boston. It was perpetrated one evening, he told me, when he and Richard H. Wilde were walking together in the streets of Florence, and is one of the evidences of the manifold accomplishments of that gifted artist. I venture to send it to you for publication. It is a translation of a curious inscription upon a tomb-stone in one of the Florentine cemeteries. He gave me the original, and translations both by Wilde, and by himself. They are as follows:

Qui glace un Cardinale,
Che fece il bene e'l male;
Il mal lo fece bene,
Ma il ben lo fece male.

TRANSLATIONS BY RICHARD H. WILDE.

Here lies a cardinal, far famed
For doing works of good and evil;
He did his bad work very well,
But spoiled his good work like the devil.

ANOTHER BY HORATIO GREENOUGH.

Here lies a cardinal, who wrought
Both good and evil in his time;
The good he did was good for naught,
Not so the evil; that was prime.

Greenough's remarkable accomplishments as a linguist, so appropriately noticed by Mr. Tuckerman, remind me of a conversation which I once had with him upon the subject, in which he mentioned a rather singular fact in his intellectual experience. He said that he learned all the languages with which he was acquainted, except the English, after he had retired for the night. He would take a grammar or a book of exercises to bed with him, and read till he fell asleep. This practice of reading in bed, he said, he had pursued from boyhood. I asked him if it did not injure his sight. He said not at all; that he never knew a person whose eyes were superior to his, nor more free from infirmity of every kind. He had some theory about arranging his light—I have forgotten what it was—which he supposed prevented the usual consequences of what I am convinced, in spite of his theory, is a very injurious habit, not only to the eyes but to the general health.

Greenough was one of the best looking men I ever met. He had a heroic figure, fashioned for the triumphs of the ancient games. He was full six feet high, and perfectly symmetrical. Partial baldness prevented his fine features from leaving, at first, the impression which they were sure to make upon those who had the good fortune to become familiar with them. He was a great smoker. He told me that he never worked without a segar in his mouth. Having observed him once or twice twist his segars into about two equal parts, and then smoke each in succession, I asked him his reason. "Why," said he, smiling, "I got into the habit when I felt I could not afford to smoke whole segars, and now I break them without thinking." He explained further, that to half smoke a whole segar spoils the other half for smoking at any future time—whereas, if broken in two both halves are equally available.

Greenough told a story remarkably well, and never lost a point in telling it. His perception of analogies was remarkably accurate, his fund of language copious, his wit ready and classical, so that he had every faculty requisite for success in conversation. I have sometimes thought he might have been as eminent a master of the literary, as he was of the plastic art, if his genius had not been early directed to the profession, to which his limited means afterwards compelled him to devote himself. —("*Friar Lubin*" *in the Evening Post.*)

A POEM BY SHELLEY, NOT IN HIS WORKS.

The following poem (says the *Literary World*)—given by a Philadelphia correspondent of *Notes and Queries*—was, it is said, published in a South Carolina newspaper in the year 1839. The person who communicates it states that it was among the papers of a deceased friend, in a small packet, endorsed "A letter and two poems written by Shelley the poet, and lent to me by Mr. Trelawney in 1823. I was prevented from returning them to him, for which I am sorry, since this is the only copy of them—they have never been published." Upon this poem was written, "Given to me by Shelley, who composed it as we were sailing one evening together."

"THE CALM.

"Hush! hark! the Triton calls
From his hollow shell,
And the sea is as smooth as a well;
For the winds and the waves
In wild order form,
To rush to the halls
And the crystal-roofed caves
Of the deep, deep ocean,
To hold consultation
About the next storm.

"The moon sits on the sky
Like a swan sleeping
On the stilly lake:
No wild breath to break
Her smooth *massy* light
And *ruffle* it into *beams:*

"The downy clouds droop
Like moss upon a tree;
And in the earth's bosom grope
Dim vapours and streams.
The darkness is weeping,
Oh, most silently!
Without audible sigh,
All is noiseless and bright.

"Still 'tis living silence here,
Such as fills not with fear.
Ah, do you not hear
A humming and purring
All about and about?
'Tis from souls let out,
From their day-prisons freed,
And joying in release,
For no slumber they need.

"Shining through this *veil of peace,*
Love now pours her omnipresence,
And various nature
Feels through every feature
The joy intense,
Yet so *passionless,*
Passionless and pure;
The human mind restless
Long could not endure.

"But hush while I tell,
As the *shrill whispers flutter*
Through the pores of the sea,
Whatever they utter
I'll interpret to thee.
King Neptune now craves
Of his turbulent vassals
Their workings to quell;
And the billows are quiet,
Though thinking on riot.
On the left and the right
In ranks they are coiled up,
Like snakes on the plain;
And each one has rolled up
A bright flashing streak
Of the white moonlight
On his glassy green neck;
On every one's forehead
There glitters a star,
With a hairy train
Of light *floating from afar,*
And pale or fiery red.
Now old Eolus goes
To each muttering blast,
Scattering blows:
And some he binds fast
In hollow rocks vast,
And others he gags
With thick heavy foam.
'Twing them round
The sharp rugged crags
That are sticking out near,'
Growls he, 'for fear
They all should rebel,
And so play hell.'
Those that he bound,
Their prison-walls grasp,
And through the dark gloom
Scream fierce and yell:
While all the rest gasp,
In rage fruitless and vain.
Their shepherd now leaves them
To howl and to roar—
Of his presence bereaves them,
To feed some young breeze
On the violet odour,
And to teach it on shore
To rock the green trees.
But no more can be said
Of what was transacted
And what was enacted
In the heaving abodes
Of the great sea-gods."

DISCOURSE OF VICTOR HUGO

AT THE TOMB OF LOUISE JULIEN, A FRENCH EXILE.

Not long since (says the *Tribune*) we gave to our readers an eloquent and touching funeral oration, delivered by Victor Hugo at the grave of one of his companions in exile, who died on the island of Jersey, where, sheltered by English power, so many French citizens await, within sight of the shores of France, the hour when a new birth of liberty shall open to them all the entrance to their native land. We now lay before the American public another discourse, in which the same brilliant orator celebrates the virtues of a woman who had also been driven from France by the agents of Bonaparte, and had closed in death the sufferings of banishment. We have lately had occasion to publish many funeral eulogies, but none whose elevation of ideas and eloquence of feeling have surpassed that we subjoin:

"Citizens:

"Three coffins in four months.

"Death hastens, and God delivers us one by one.

"We do not reproach thee, we thank thee, All-Powerful God, who re-openest upon us, exiles, the gates of an eternal home!

"This time the lifeles and precious being whom we bear to the tomb is a woman.

"On the 21st of January last, a woman was arrested at her own house by Boudrot, the Commissary of Police at Paris. This woman, still young, being thirty-five years of age, but crippled and infirm, was sent to the Prefecture and confined in what is called the *trial-cell*. This cell, a sort of cage, about seven or eight feet square, without light or air—the unhappy prisoner has painted it in a word—she called it the *tomb-cell*. She says—I quote her own words—'It is in this *tomb*-cell that, crippled, and ill, I passed twenty-one days, pressing my lips from hour to hour against the grating, in order to breathe a little vital air, and not die. At the end of the twenty-one days, on the 14th of February, the Government of December took this woman out and banished her. It cast her at once out of prison and out of her country. The proscribed left the trial-dungeon with the germs of consumption. She quitted France and reached Belgium. Her destitution forced her to travel, with a cough, spitting blood, with diseased lungs, in the depth of a Northern winter, in rain and snow, in those frightful open carriages, which are a disgrace to the wealthy railroad companies. She arrives at Ostend. She was driven from France; Belgium now drives her away. She passes over to England. Scarcely landed at London, she takes to her bed. The disease contracted in prison, aggravated by the forced journey of an exile, becomes alarming. The proscribed—I should rather say, the condemned to death—keeps her bed for two months and a half. Then, hoping a little from the spring and fine weather, she comes to Jersey. We still remember seeing her arrive, on a cold, rainy morning, in the midst of the sea-fogs, with a rattling cough, and shivering under her thin garments, wet to the skin. A few days after her arrival, she was confined to her bed, from which she never rose.

"Three days since, she died.

"You ask me, what was this woman, and what had she done to be thus treated? I will tell you:

"This woman, by patriotic songs, by sympathetic and cordial words, by kind and public-spirited acts, had signalized in the fauburgs of Paris the name of Louise Julien, by which she was known and saluted by the people. One of the working-class, she had nursed her sick mother; she had taken care of her and maintained her for ten years. During the days of the civil war, she made lint; and, though lame, and dragging herself about with difficulty, she went to the *ambulances*, and aided the wounded of all parties. This woman of the people was a poet; this woman of the people was a genius; she sang the Republic and loved liberty; she ardently called for the approaching brotherhood of all nations and of all men; she believed in God, in the people, in progress, in France; she poured out around her, as a vase, into the souls of the proletaries, her noble heart, full of love and faith. This is what this woman did. Bonaparte has killed her.

"Ah! such a tomb is not dumb. It is filled with sobs, and groans, and cries.

"Citizens, the people, in the legitimate pride of their sole power and of their right, construct, with granite and marble, sounding edifices, majestic shrines, sublime arches, from the height of which speaks their genius, from the height of which are poured into the soul the holy inspirations of patriotism, of progress, and of liberty; the people imagine that they need only be sovereign to be invincible, believe that these citadels of speech, these sacred fortresses of human intelligence and of civilization are unapproachable and impregnable—and say that their tribune is indestructible. They deceive themselves—these tribunes can be overthrown. A traitor comes, soldiers arrive, a band of brigands conspire, unmask themselves, and fire—the sanctuary is invaded, stone and marble are scattered, and the temple, the palace where the great nation spoke to the world totters to the ground, and the foul conquering tyrant applauds, claps his hands and says—'It is finished. No one will speak again Not a voice henceforth will be lifted up. Silence is accomplished.'

"Citizens! In his turn, the tyrant is deceived. It is not the will of God that liberty, which is his word, should be silent. Citizens! the moment that triumphant despots believe that they have forever taken the power of speech from ideas, it is restored by the Almighty. This tribune destroyed, he reconstructs it. Not in the midst of the public square—not with granite or marble; there is no need of that. He reconstructs it in solitude; he reconstructs it with the grass of the cemetery, with the shade of the cypress, with the gloomy hillock made by the coffins buried in the earth—and from this solitude, this grass, this cypress, these hidden coffins, know you, citizens, what proceeds? There comes the heart-rending cry of humanity—there come denunciation and testimony—there comes the inexorable accusation which causes the crowned criminal to turn pale—there comes the terrible protest of the dead! There comes the avenging voice, the inextinguishable voice, the voice which is never stifled, never gagged! Ah! M. Bonaparte has silenced the tribune; it is well; now, then, let him silence the tomb!

"He and such as he will have done nothing so long as a sigh shall be heard from the tomb; so long as a tear shall be seen in the majestic eyes of pity.

"Pity! this word which I have just uttered—it gushes from the depths of my heart before this coffin, the coffin of a woman, the coffin of a sister, the coffin of a martyr: Pauline Roland in Africa, Louise Julien in Jersey, Francisca Maderspach at Temeswar, Bianca Teleki at Pesth, and so many others, Rosalie Gobert, Eugenie Guillemot, Augustine Pean, Blanche Clouart, Prabell, Elizabeth Parles, Marie Reviel, Claudine Hibruit, Anne Sangla, the widow Combescure, Armatine Huet, and so many others still, sisters, mothers, daughters, wives, proscribed, exiled, transported, tortured, executed, crucified. Ah, wretched women! What objects of bitter tears and inexpressible griefs! Feeble, suffering, sick, torn from their families, their husbands, their parents, their supporters, sometimes old and stricken in years—all have been heroines—many have been heroes. Ah! my thoughts at this moment rush into that tomb and kiss the cold feet of the departed in her coffin.

"It is not a woman whom I venerate in Louise Julien; it is woman, woman of our days, woman worthy of being a citizen, woman as we see her before us in all her devotedness, all her sweetness, all her self-sacrifice, all her majesty. Friends, in future times, in the beautiful, and peaceful, and tender, and fraternal, social Republic of the future, the sphere of woman will be great, but what a glorious prelude to this sphere are such martyrdoms so heroically sustained! Men and citizens, we have more than once said in our pride, 'The eighteenth century has proclaimed the right of man, the nineteenth century will proclaim the right of woman;' but we must confess, citizens, we have not hastened; many grave considerations, which should be carefully examined, have arrested us; and at this moment, at the degree of progress at which we have arrived, among the best Republicans, among the purest and most genuine democrats, many excellent minds still hesitate to admit the equality of the human soul in man and woman, and the consequent assimilation, if not the complete identity of civil rights.

"Let us say it frankly, citizens, so long as prosperity continued, so long as the Republic stood up, women forgotten by us forgot also themselves; they have been limited to shining as the light, to enkindling the mind, to softening the heart, to awakening enthusiasm, to pointing out to all the good, the just, the noble, and the true. They have had no ambition beyond that. They who, for the moment, are the image of the living country, who should be the soul of the State, have simply been the soul of the family. In the hour of adversity their position has changed; they have ceased to be diffident. In the hour of adversity they have said to us, 'We do not know whether we have a right to your power, to your liberty, to your greatness, but we do know that we have a right to share your misery. To participate in your sufferings, your defeats, your destitution, your distress, your sacrifices, your exiles, your abandonment if you are without asylum, your hunger if you are without bread—this is the right of woman, and this is what we claim.'

"Oh, my brothers! these are the persons who follow us in the combat, who accompany us in proscription and who precede us to the tomb.

"Citizens! Since you have now wished that I should again speak in your name, since your commands have given to my voice the authority which would be wanting to an isolated utterance—on the tomb of Louise Julien, as three months since, on the tomb of Jean Bousquet, the last cry which I wish to put forth is the cry of courage, of insurrection, and of hope!

"Yes, coffins, like that of the noble woman who lies there, indicate and predict the speedy fall of the executioners, the inevitable overthrow of despotism and of despots! The proscribed one after another die; the tyrant digs their grave; but the day will come, citizens, when the grave will suddenly draw in and swallow up the grave digger."

"HIS SOWSHIP" JAMES I.—A ROYAL PORTRAIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"Our cousin of Scotland" was ugly, awkward, and shuffling, both in mind and person. His tongue was much too large for his mouth, his legs were much too weak for his body, and his dull goggle-eyes stared and rolled like an idiot's. He was cunning, covetous, wasteful, idle, drunken, greedy, dirty, cowardly, a great swearer, and the most conceited man on earth. His figure—what is commonly called rickety from his birth—presented the most ridiculous appearance that can be imagined, dressed in thick padded clothes, as a safeguard against being stabbed—of which he lived in continual fear—of a grass-green colour from head to foot, with a hunting-horn dangling at the side instead of a sword, and his hat and feather sticking over one eye, or hanging on the back of his head as he happened to toss it on. He used to loll on the necks of his favourite courtiers, and slobber their faces, and kiss and pinch their cheeks; and the greatest favourite he ever had, used to sign himself in his letters to his royal master, His Majesty's "dog and slave," and used to address his majesty as "his Sowship." His majesty was the worst rider ever seen, and thought himself the best. He was one of the most impertinent talkers (in the broadest Scotch) ever heard, and boasted of being unanswerable in all manner of argument. He wrote some of the most wearisome treatises ever read, and thought himself a prodigy of authorship. He thought, and wrote, and said, that a king had a right to make and unmake what laws he pleased, and ought to be accountable to nobody on earth. This is the plain, true character of the personage whom the greatest men about the court praised and flattered to that degree, that I doubt if there be anything more shameful in the annals of human nature.

He came to the English throne with great ease. The miseries of a disputed succession had been felt so long, and so dreadfully, that he was proclaimed within a few hours of Elizabeth's death, and was accepted by the nation even without being asked to give any pledge that he would govern well, or that he would redress crying grievances. He took a month to come from Edinburgh to London; and, by way, I suppose, of exercising his new power, hanged a pickpocket on the journey without any trial, and knighted everybody he could lay hold of. He made two hundred knights before he got to his palace in London, and seven hundred before he had been in it three months. He also shovelled sixty-two new peers into the House of Lords—and there was a pretty large sprinkling of Scotchmen among them, you may believe.—*A Child's History of England.*

A Lady who had refused to give after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving church. On making the discovery she said, "God could not find the way into my pocket, but it seems the devil did."

The same people who can deny others everything, are famous for denying themselves nothing.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Tossing for a Principle.—A slave vessel, after being detained for *two* months by our frigates, has been given up, not being considered a legal capture. This decision was, it is said, arrived at in the following extraordinary manner. There was not an equal number of commissioners to settle the case, and so those present tossed up for choice of decision, and the slave party won the toss!—*London Inquirer.*

—Evil Speaking.—It is not good to speak evil of all whom we know bad; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove good. To speak ill upon knowledge, shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion, shows a want of honesty. I will not speak so bad as I know of many; I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know evil of others, and not speak it, is sometimes discretion; to speak evil of others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself, who speaks good of others upon knowledge; but he can never be good himself, who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.—*Arthur Warwick: "Spare Minutes,"* 1637.

—— The Hidden Life.—Among the workings of the hidden life within us which we may experience but cannot explain, are there any more remarkable than those mysterious moral influences constantly exercised, either for attraction or repulsion, by one human being over another? In the simplest, as in the most important affairs of life, how startling, how irresistible is their power! How often we feel and know, either pleasurably or painfully, that another is looking on us, before we have ascertained the fact with our own eyes! How often we prophesy truly to ourselves the approach of friend or enemy just before either have really appeared! How strangely and abruptly we become convinced, at a first introduction, that we shall secretly love this person and loathe that, before experience has guided us with a single fact in relation to their characters.—*Collin's Basil.*

——Pen-and-Ink Sketch of "Festus."—Who is that unostentatious, but somewhat singular looking gentleman walking up the Derby Road? His hat, which appears a size and a half too large, shades the upper part of his countenance; and his eyes are fixed upon the ground, as though he were intently studying one of the sermons which the deep gazer finds even in stones, reading as he walks. His features are dark and strongly marked, and a quiet repose sleeps upon them. He wears a surtout-coat, buttoned over, and carries in his right hand a thin cane, which he swings to and fro, as though he were beating time to sweet music heard only by himself. But this cannot be one of the Nottingham worthies; he attracts no more attention than an ordinary person. Even that stout alderman has passed him by without giving the nod of recognition. You must be mistaken, my friend; *he* cannot be one of the local celebrities. No other, sir, than Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus" and "The Angel World." You may think it strange that he has not more consideration paid to him, but it is the way of the world; "A prophet hath no honour in his own country." It is singular, but not the less true, that the poet whose first and greatest work has been pirated in America, and printed there in all possible, and what to an Englishman would seem impossible, forms, and whose mighty genius is appreciated at the remotest nooks of the reading world, should scarcely be known in his native town. Even that stout luminary of the council chamber, perhaps, never heard of such a book as "Festus," and would infinitely prefer dining on "mock-turtle and capon larded" to being introduced to its author. Philip Bailey is naturally of a diffident disposition,, and keeps aloof from society. To a stranger he may appear singularly retiring; but his reserve is at once dispelled by acquaintanceship. The chief attraction of his conversation is the *suaviter in modo* which goes hand-in-hand with all he says. The profundity of his literary acquirements, the sparkling strokes of wit, which, like the magic touches of a *maestro's* pencil, give point and relief to the subject under treatment; and his uniform affability and gentleness of disposition are traits which render him a loveable companion. His features bear witness to his possessing great mental power. His black, curly hair, parted in the centre, reveals a full, round brow. The organs of ideality and wonder are largely developed, and those of individuality and observation are also prominent. He has full, dark eyes; a well formed nose, belonging to no particular class; and an expressive, generous-looking mouth. Though admitted to the bar at an early period, he has always preferred the society of the Muses to the emoluments of his profession.—*W. H. Wylie's Old and New Nottingham.*

—— Clarkson and the Duke of Wellington.—Found the dear old man at tea with his niece and wife, looking much better than when in town. Playford is a fine old building: 1593 the last date, but must be much older they say. It is surrounded by a moat with running water. Clarkson has a head like a patriarch, and in his prime must have been a noble figure. He was very happy to see me, but there is a nervous irritability which is peculiar. He lives too much with adorers, especially women. As he seemed impatient at my staying beyond a certain time, I went to bed, and wished him good night. I slept well, and the next morning walked in the garden and fields. He breakfasted on milk and bread (alone), and I breakfasted with Mrs. T. Clarkson up stairs. I promised to sketch him at ten, and at ten I was ready. * * * When all was ready, the windows fitted, he said, "Call in the maids." In came six servant girls, and washer-women (it being washing day). "I am determined they shall see the first stroke." In they all crowded, timidly wondering. Clarkson said, "There now, that is the first stroke; come again in an hour, and you shall see the last!" We now began to talk. He said, "When Christopher's wife and daughters, all accomplished women, were brought or introduced by him to Wilberforce, and others in high life, there was a sort of shrink at admitting them into society." I told him I believed it, because when I resolved to place the African in front of the picture on the same level as the Europeans, there was the same delicacy; but I got him and put him in at once. Shame prevented remonstrance. * * Why was I not so impressed as when I visited the duke? Here was a man who in his Christian and peaceable object had shown equal perseverance, equal skill, equal courage, and yet I was not so affected. Clarkson has more weaknesses than the duke. He is not so high bred. He makes a pride of his debilities. He boasts of his swollen legs and his pills as if they were so many claims to distinction. The duke did not let you see him in his infirmities. He was deaf, but he would not let you see it if possible. He dined like others, ate like others, and did everything like others; and what he did not do like others, he did not do before others. Lord Grey and Clarkson have both that infirmity of asking questions about themselves, as if they had forgot the answers for the pleasure of hearing the repetition. The duke—never. He is too much a man. Himself seems the last thing he remembers, except when others presume on his modesty. He never obtruded Waterloo unless it was forced on him, or arose out of the conversation; nor did he shrink if the company seemed to press it. In fact, the duke was a high bred man. The want of this is never compensated for Never.—*Life of B. J. Haydon, by Tom Taylor, Esq.*

—— Wordsworth—Poetry and a Pie—Gainsborough, May 22nd.—Wordsworth called to-day, and we went to church together. There was no seat to be got at the chapel near us, belonging to the rectory of Paddington, and we sat among publicans and sinners. I determined to try him, so advised our staying, as we could hear more easily. He agreed like a Christian; and I was much interested in seeing his venerable white head close to a servant in livery, and on the same level. The servant in livery fell asleep, and so did Wordsworth. I jogged him at the Gospel, and he opened his eyes and read well. A preacher preached when we expected another, so it was a disappointment. We afterwards walked to Rogers's across the park. He had a party to lunch, so I went into the pictures, and sucked Rembrandt, Reynolds, Veronese, Raffaele, Bassan, and Tintoretto. Wordsworth said, "Haydon is down stairs." "Ah," said Rogers, "he is better employed than chattering nonsense up stairs." As Wordsworth and I crossed the Park, we said, "Scott, Wilkie, Keats, Hazlitt, Beaumont, Jackson, Charles Lamb, are all gone—we only are left." He said, "How old are you?" "Fifty-six," I replied. "How old are you?" "Seventy-three," he said; "in my seventy-third year. I was born in 1770." "And I in 1786" "You have many years before you." "I trust I have; and you, too, I hope. Let us cut out Titian, who was ninety-nine." "Was he ninety-nine?" said Wordsworth. "Yes," said I, "and his death was a moral; for as he lay dying of the plague, he was plundered, and could not help himself." We got on Wakley's abuse. We laughed at him. I quoted his own beautiful address to the stock dove. He said, once in a wood, Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking, when the stock dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by said to herself, "Oh, I do like stock doves" Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's poetry, took the old woman to her heart. "But," continued the old woman, "some like them in a pie; for my part, there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions." May 29th.—Went to church with dear Wordsworth, who is dearer than ever and more venerable, to hear a sermon by Mr. Boone. He was much pleased. He had breakfasted with us. We afterwards called on L——. L—— is lively, handsome, malicious, and melancholy. He took us to the Zoological Gardens. During the walk we talked of some great defect in "Cunningham's Lives of the Painters." Wordsworth said, "I could have told him of Gainsborough." He then sat down, and looked up like an apostle, and said, "Gainsborough was at the house of a friend in Bath, who was ill and very fond of his daughter; she was going to school." Gainsborough said to the child, "Can you keep a secret?" "I don't know," said the little dear, "but I will try." Said he, "You are going to school. Your father loves you; I will paint your portrait." The child sat. When she was gone, the portrait was placed at the bottom of the bed of the sick father, who was affected and delighted.—*Life of Haydon, by Tom Taylor, Esq.*